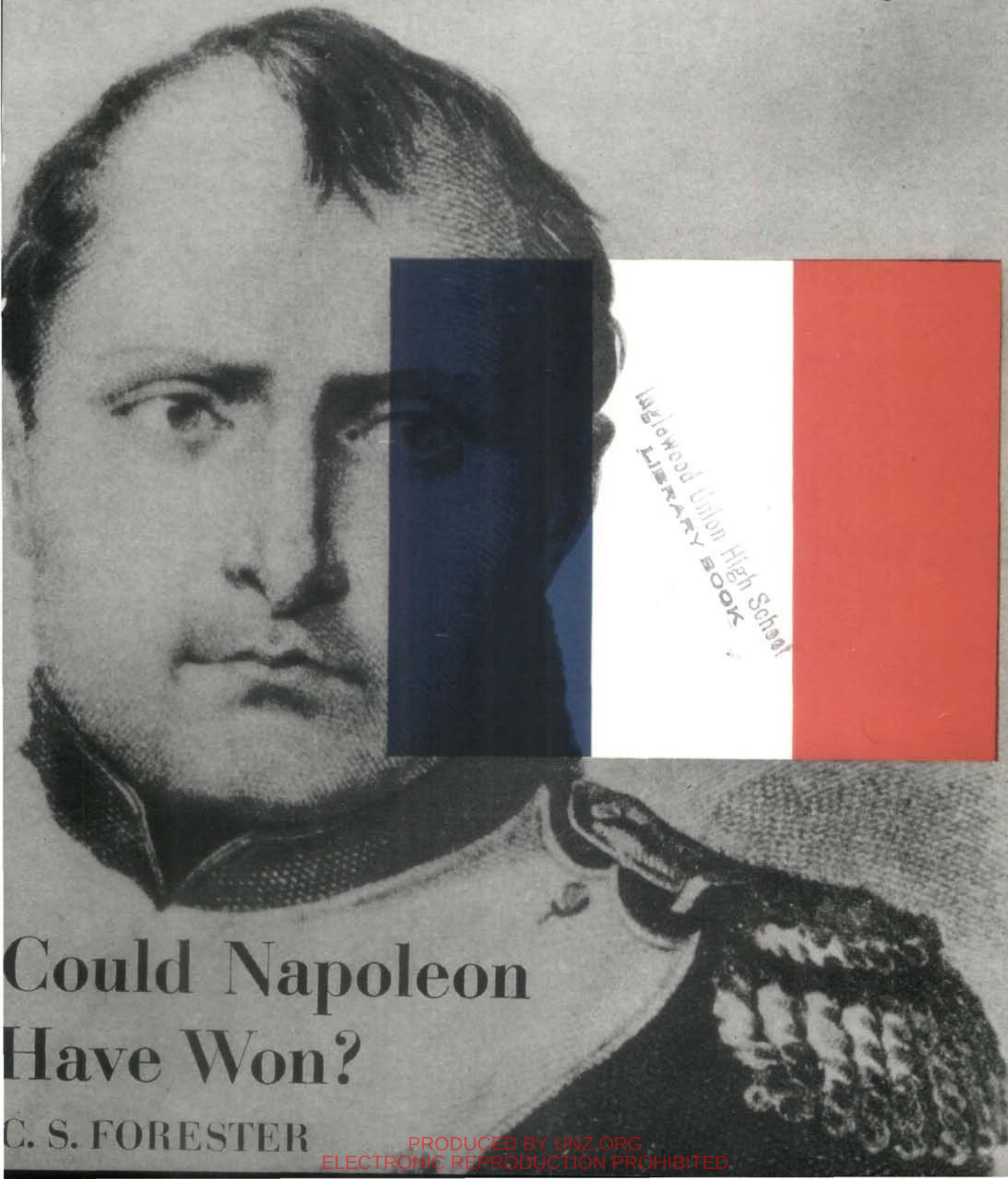


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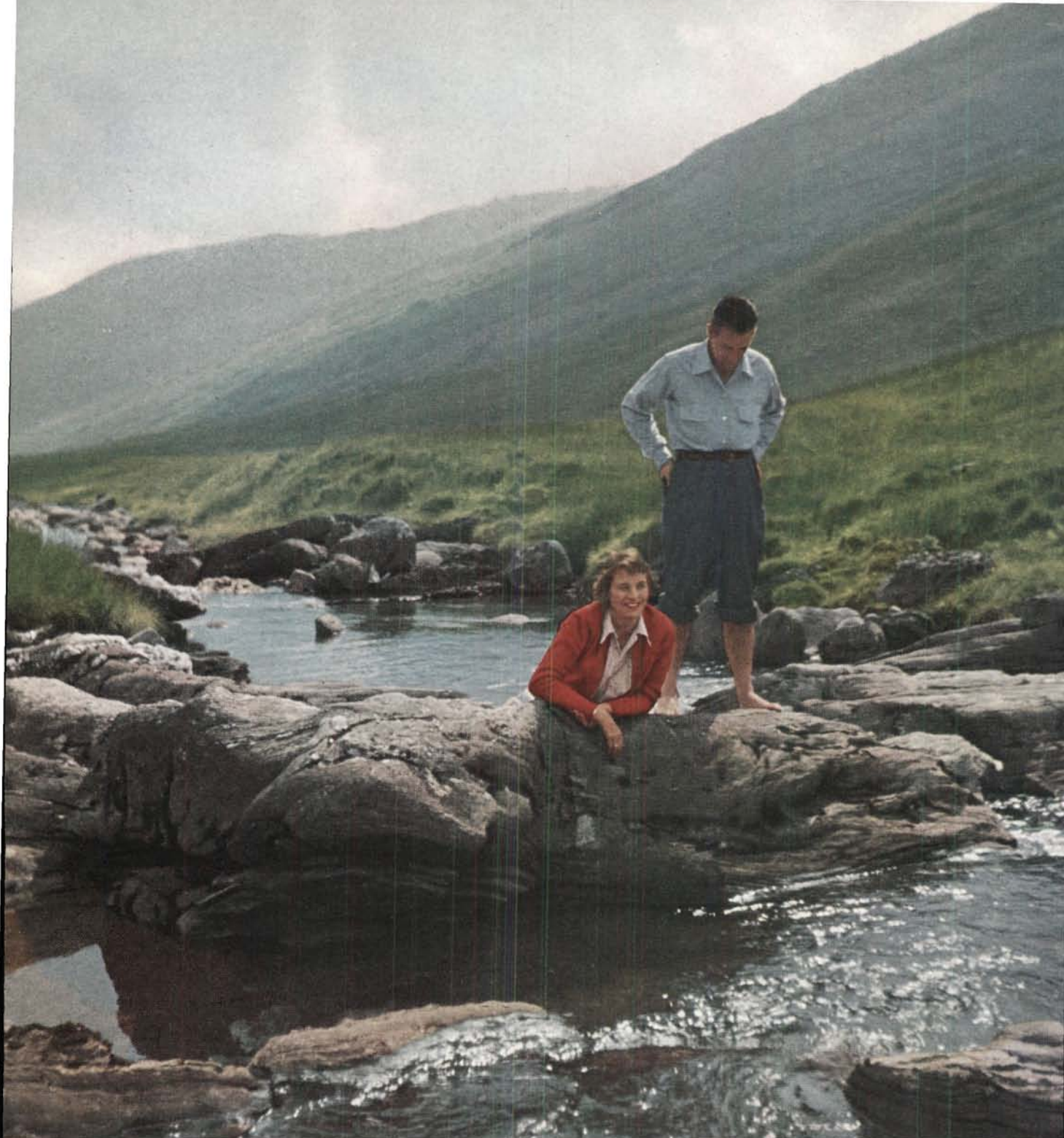


Wilmington Union High School
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Could Napoleon Have Won?

C. S. FORESTER

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TONI FRISSELL

We'll be in Scotland afore ye!

To paraphrase Caesar (who *was* in Britain afore ye) all Scotland is divided in three parts. Just beyond the old Roman wall that stretches across the top of England lies **PART ONE: The Lowlands.** Here is Robert Burns' birthplace "on the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Here are ruined abbeys dating back to the 13th century, and storied villages made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is Gretna Green, where eloping lovers were married by the village blacksmith; and Netherby Hall near Canobie whence young Lochinvar carried his bride. **PART TWO!** Central Scotland, the true heart

of Scottish history—offering you Edinburgh, Athens of the North, and famous palace-towns like Linlithgow, home to Scottish kings and birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots. In central Scotland, too, there's the most celebrated loch in Europe . . . Loch Lomond. **PART THREE?** Shouldn't we say **ACT THREE**, for this is The Highlands—most *dramatic* part of the most dramatic of countries. Endless scenes of grandeur, of rugged heights and wonderful wilderness, of green islands set in silver! This Spring let nobody be in Scotland afore ye. See your Travel Agent now and Come to Britain.

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"The Best Possible Telephone Service at the Lowest Cost"

Twenty-five years ago, on October 20, 1927, the Bell System put into writing, for all the world to see, the basic principles for the management of the business.

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"The fact that the responsibility for a large part of the telephone service of the country rests upon the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associated Companies imposes on the management an unusual obligation to the public to see to it that the service shall at all times be adequate, dependable and satisfactory to the user.

"Obviously, the only sound policy that will meet those obligations is to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety."

Responsibility to TELEPHONE SHARE OWNERS

"The fact that the ownership is so widespread and diffused (there are now more than 1,100,000 share owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company) imposes an unusual obligation on the management to see to it that the savings of these people are secure and remain so.

"Payments to share owners, limited to reasonable regular dividends, with the right to make further investments on reasonable terms as the business requires new money from time to time, are to the interest of telephone users and employees as well as share owners."

Responsibility to TELEPHONE EMPLOYEES

Many years ago, in its annual report to share owners, the company's responsibility to its employees was expressed in these words:

"While the Bell System seeks to furnish the public the best possible service at the least cost, the policy which recognizes this obligation to the public recognizes equally its responsibilities to its employees.

"It is and has been the aim to pay salaries and wages in all respects adequate and just and to make sure that individual merit is discovered and recognized."

Bell Telephone System



NOVEMBER ATLANTIC

Ninety-four years of continuous publication

VOLUME 190 1952 NUMBER 5

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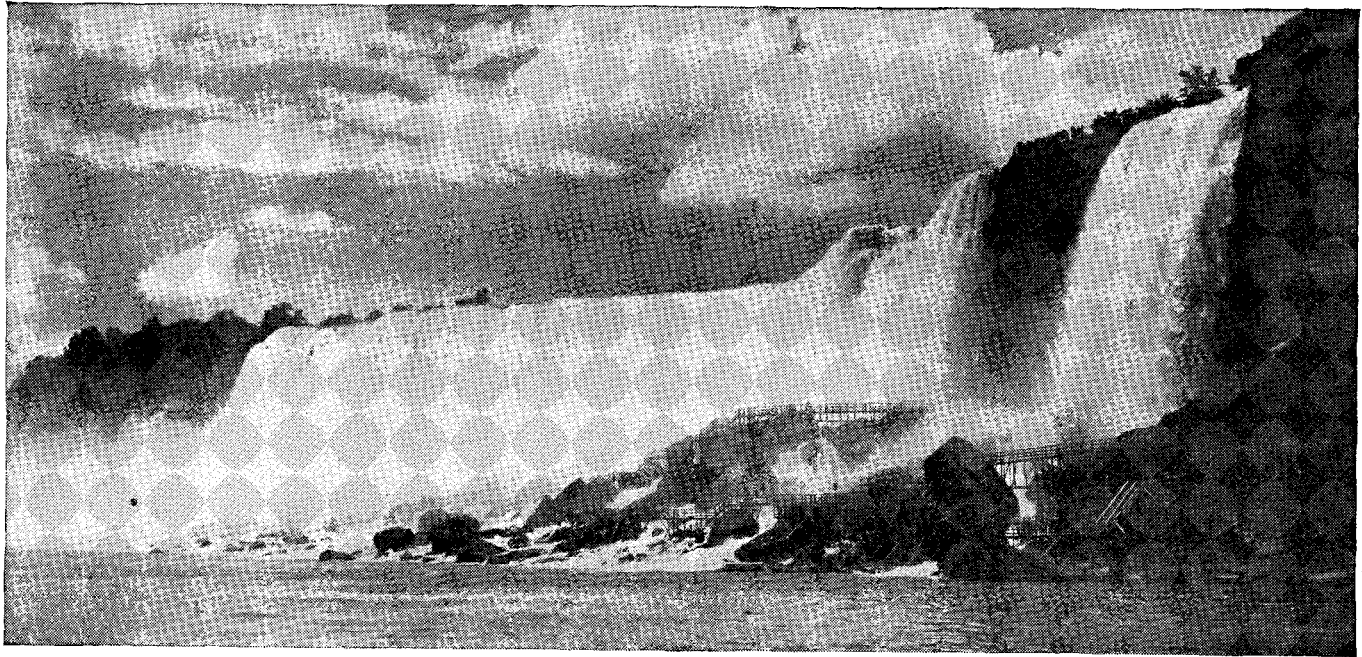
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Has America enough POWER?

The U. S. today uses twice as much electricity as before World War II. Is there enough for defense, for civilian needs and for such giant jobs as A-bomb manufacture? Here's how the electric light and power companies are meeting — and staying ahead of — these huge needs.

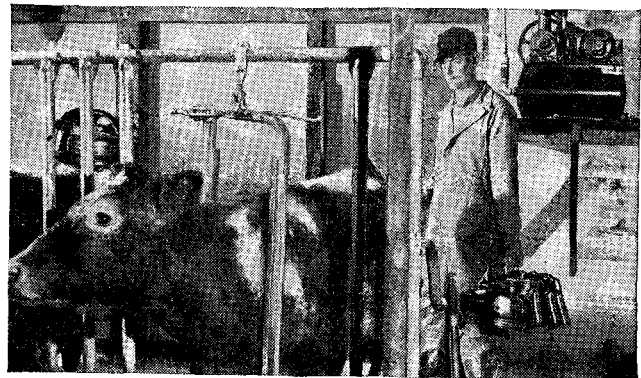


NO JOB TOO BIG. Some people say that the really big electric power projects are jobs only the government can handle. The facts disprove this. Five local electric companies have offered to develop all additional power available at Niagara Falls with a giant new power plant. Five other business-managed companies are completing one of the largest single power plants ever built at one

time—a project that will supply power to the new A-bomb plant at Paducah, Ky. Fifteen companies are ready to handle an even greater project for the Atomic Energy Commission. The electric light and power companies are ready and able to do the nation's power job — *and they can save you and other taxpayers many millions of dollars by doing it!*



PLENTY OF POWER. The electric companies have kept pace with the fast-growing demands for power. These companies met the unprecedented needs of World War II. And now, in the midst of their greatest expansion program, they have already *doubled that wartime supply!* The only real shortages of electricity are in countries where national governments control the power industry.



ERA OF TEAMWORK. The electric companies, where there is no interference from the federal government, work together with municipally-owned power systems and farm electric groups. Electric companies' rates and earnings, of course, are closely regulated by state commissions or local authorities. However, federal electric projects are *not* subject to such regulation.

Important strides have been made by electric light and power companies in meeting the nation's huge power needs. The companies' record of performance shows the fallacy of arguments advanced by those who want the federal government to take over more and more of the electric business. This brief report is brought to you by America's **ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES***.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Czechoslovakia



IN Czechoslovakia and, to some degree, in all the other satellite states a powerful Titoist ferment is at work. This ferment has driven the Soviet Union to desperate stratagems. In Czechoslovakia, for instance, the Kremlin has given real or feigned approval to the arrest of several thousand Communists who had long been known and feared as unusually devoted and trustworthy agents of the Kremlin. The purge to which they fell victim began late in 1950 and, spreading upwards through the Party hierarchy, reached a climax in the autumn of last year with the arrest of the most fearsome Stalinist of them all, sleek and handsome Rudolf Slansky, the secretary-general of the Party.

Meanwhile, with the disgrace of Ana Pauker and the arrest of hundreds of other Communist old-timers, the same process has begun in Rumania. The Russians are pulling out the old teams of Communist leaders who had been marked in the eyes of the people as servile Soviet agents and are sending in new teams who have at least the appearance of a more popular nationalism. They are installing a housebroken Titoism in the satellite countries.

Why are the Russians doing this? The explanation appears to be that the Kremlin, more than a little alarmed by the ferment of a Czechoslovak type of Titoism, has decided that police espionage, mass arrests, and all the other forms of political pressure have reached the limits of usefulness in this area.

The Soviet Union can take no chances on losing Czechoslovakia, for it is one of the main economic and strategic keys to the satellite area of Eastern Europe. All the countries in this area depend on Czechoslovakia for industrial supplies essential to the fulfillment of their Five-Year Plans. Further-

more, Czechoslovakia's position between the Ore Mountains and the Bohemian Forest in the west, the High Tatras in the north, and the Danube River in the south would make it a vital line of defense or a vital base of operations in time of war.

Such talk about the Soviet Union's "losing" Czechoslovakia may seem strange after so much has been said about the Russians' iron grip upon the satellite countries. But it will seem less strange if we look back and consider the respects in which the Soviet position athwart this vital area has deteriorated, internally and externally.

In February, 1948, when the Communists seized control in Prague, they had a large part of the working class with them; the rest of the population was paralyzed by fear; by the might of the Communist Party, the Soviet Union, and the Red Army; and by the weakness of the West.

The betrayal of Czechoslovakia

One of the tragedies of the "honeymoon period" of American-Soviet relations is that the Allied Army did not liberate Prague. At the beginning of May, 1945, General Eisenhower's divisions held Pilsen and the southwestern corner of Bohemia as far as Rokycany, and could have easily moved on to Prague. The people of Prague had risen against the Nazis, and their emissaries begged the Americans to advance. Eisenhower radioed the Russian High Command asking them to agree to his advance, as was the practice in areas where Western allies and Russians were near to each other.

But the Russians would not agree; they insisted that they themselves would liberate Prague, even though it would be necessary for them to move

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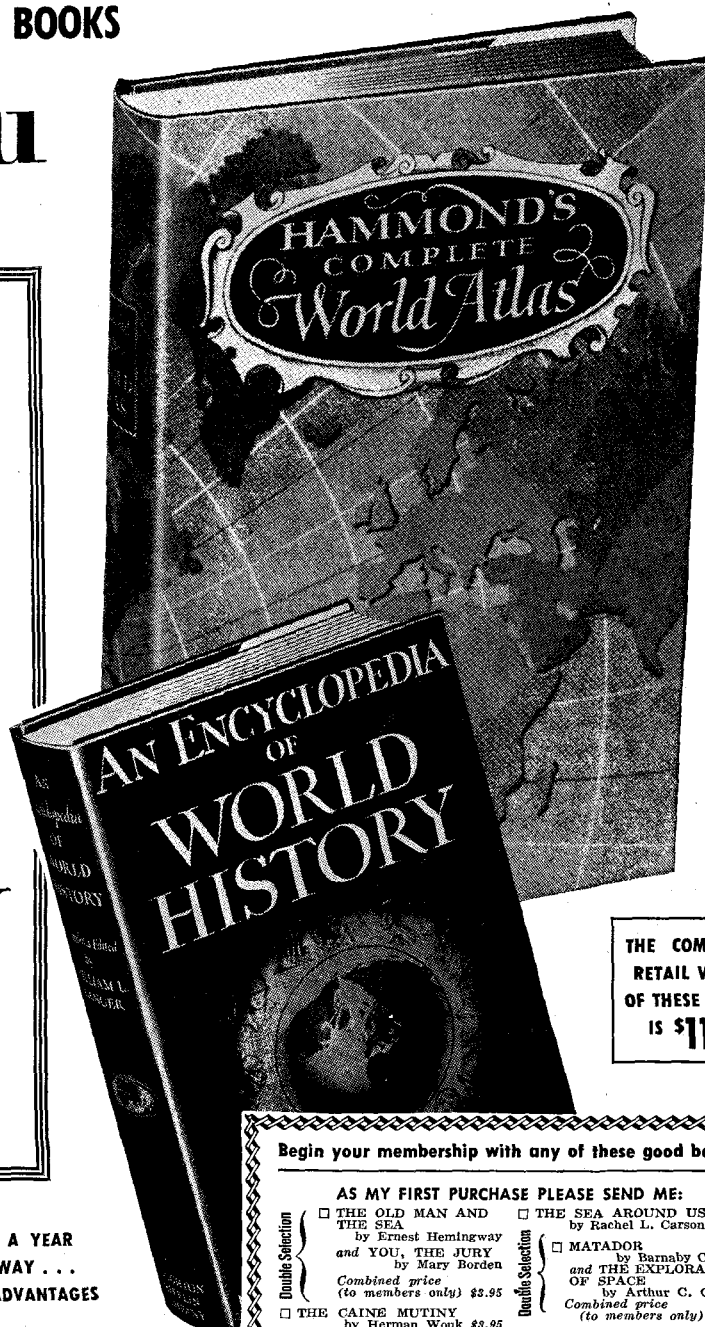
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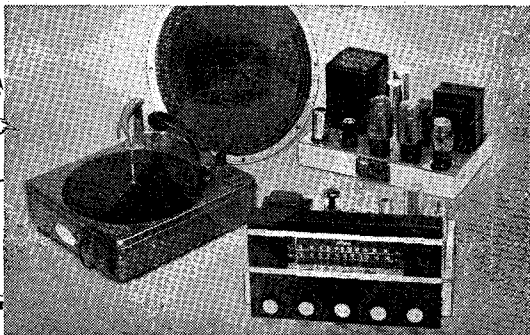
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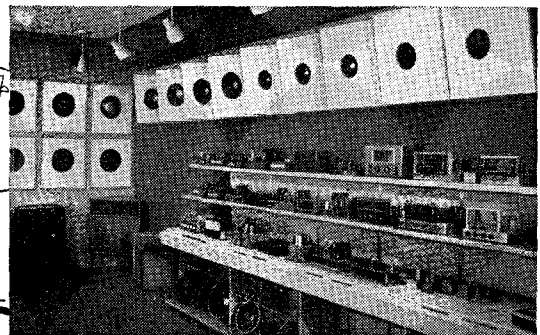
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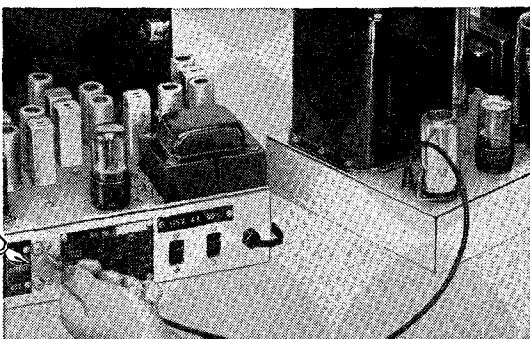
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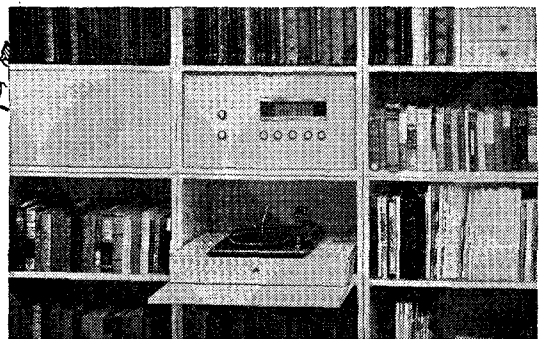
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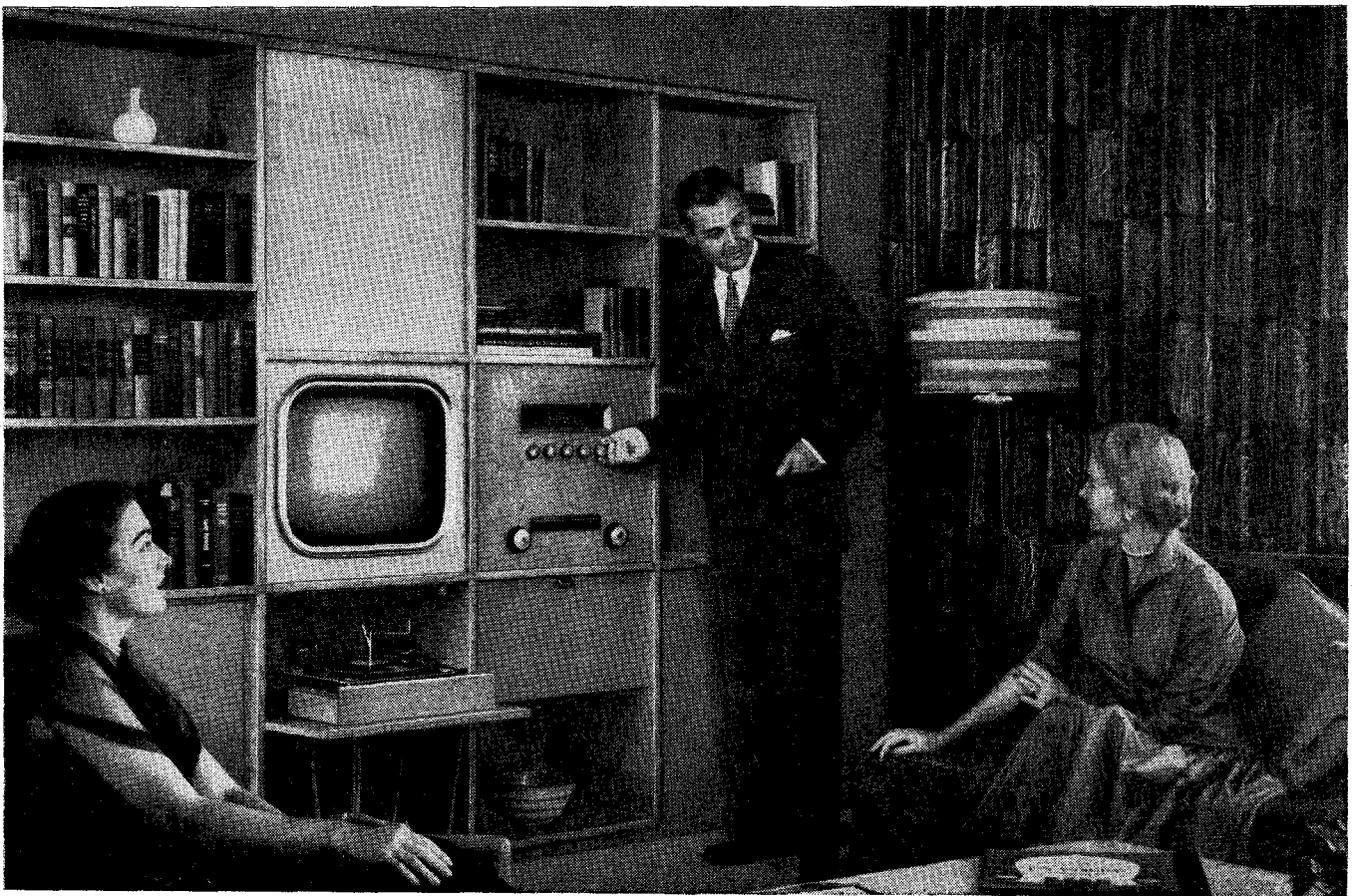
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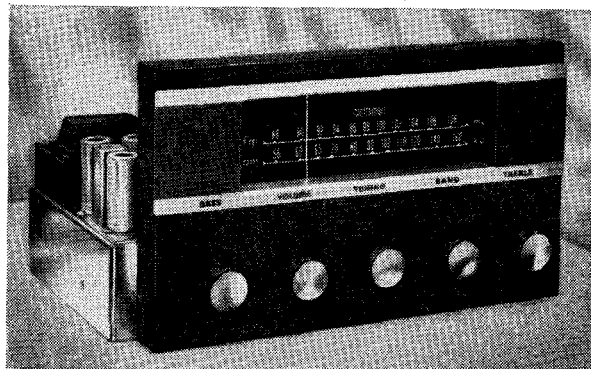
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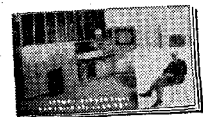
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The Atlantic Report on Czechoslovakia



troops all the way from Berlin. They cared no more for the lives of the people fighting in the streets of Prague than they did for those who fought in Warsaw while the Red Army sat idly on the east banks of the Vistula.

After the war was over, Winston Churchill privately gave Czechoslovak statesmen the full explanation of Eisenhower's compliance with Russian desires. Churchill and Roosevelt had reached an oral agreement with Stalin at Teheran and had elaborated the subject at Yalta, placing Czechoslovakia in the Soviet military sphere along with Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Churchill said he had opposed this arrangement but was overruled. In any event, Eisenhower was bound to respect the agreement.

In the minds of many Czechs, this agreement and the resulting American failure to liberate Prague rank as a betrayal right along with Chamberlain's and Daladier's agreement with Hitler at Munich. The great Western powers had betrayed them to the Nazis at Munich and delivered them into the hands of the Soviets at Teheran and Yalta.

For almost three years after the war the Czechs maintained a balance between Western democracy, its political parties, and its cultural values on the one hand, and Communism on the other. They courageously put into practice the doctrine of "co-existence," although they received from the West little economic support and much political abuse. During this period the American Army was redeployed, leaving little except a constabulary in Germany; the British demobilized; the French Army disappeared. There was a vacuum of power in the West.

Meanwhile the Communists, after successive stages of coalition governments and phony national fronts, took over absolute control in one Eastern European country after another. The last to fall was Czechoslovakia. When the Communists decided that the time had come to put an end to "coexistence" and to strike, the opposition wilted. The democratic so-called bourgeois parties knew they could expect no backing from the West; they felt isolated, abandoned. The Communists, on the other hand, lost no opportunity to proclaim that they had the full backing of the Soviet Union and the Red Army.

Booty to the victors

During the first two years of their regime in Czechoslovakia the Communists were able to de-

liver material rewards to those who had supported them, partly by channeling to the workers the wealth that had formerly belonged to the country's middle class. Many foodstuffs and items of clothing were taken off the ration. Prices on the unrationed, free market gradually declined and the supply of all consumer goods increased. The workers' standard of living rose slowly.

At the same time, the Communists destroyed their enemies systematically. Opposition political parties were neutralized or abolished. The influence of the churches was eliminated by restrictive legislation and arrests among the clergy. The middle class generally was shattered; forced labor camps were peopled with former businessmen of all kinds, from factory owners to shopkeepers, and with lawyers, architects, journalists, and teachers. Today there are probably about 120,000 persons in Czechoslovak forced labor camps.

While the Communists were at work, however, counterforces were building up against them inside and outside the Communist world. On the economic side the Soviet Union went so far in its exactions that it began, by the slow process of overwork and underpay, to kill the goose that laid the eggs of steel — those fine precision tools, those splendid locomotives, those sturdy Skoda automobiles, those pipes, rails, boilers, and all the machinery used by a modern industrial state. Almost all these Czech products were more reliable, better finished, and more up to date than their Russian counterparts.

Feeding the Soviet machine

In November, 1950, conditions in Czechoslovakia began to deteriorate. The Soviet Union, displeased by delays in Czechoslovak deliveries of industrial goods, for several weeks around the turn of the year embargoed grain deliveries to Czechoslovakia. Bread rationing was reimposed suddenly in March, 1951. Meat became scarcer. Queues in front of stores grew longer. The Czechoslovak standard of living, though still the highest in the Communist world, was slipping; it is still declining.

The Communist Party, itself under pressure from Moscow, demanded more industrial production. Every time the Russians increased their demands, the Party had to order revision of Czechoslovak economic plans. This has happened four times. With each revision more pressure was brought to bear on the workers to increase productivity. This they were to accomplish by "shock work" — the Czech equivalent of Stakhanovism — and by "socialist competition."

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

More goods for more people at less cost ... but how?



BEFORE we get serious, will you play TRUE or FALSE with us for a minute? See how smart you are as a comparison shopper.

1. The 60-watt electric bulb that was 15¢ in 1940 is now 14¢ plus tax.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____?

2. Today an 8-cubic-foot refrigerator costs \$12.30 less than it did thirteen years ago, even including today's federal excise tax.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____?

3. The 40-watt fluorescent lamp you buy today for \$1.05 was *not* cheaper before the war. Then it cost \$2.80. TRUE _____ FALSE _____?

4. A nice little arc welding set, in case you always wanted to own one, you can buy for *less* than it cost twelve years ago. TRUE _____ FALSE _____?

Finished guessing? The right answer in each case is TRUE.

Of course some of our prices at General Electric are up, as well as down. A popular model electric range is up \$75.45 in thirteen years, but we could list twenty things that make it a better value now. Our best-selling electric iron is \$12.95, instead of the prewar \$8.95. But the iron is lighter in weight and more efficient. On the other hand, TV sets are

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Now if your bump of curiosity is normal size, you'll interrupt to ask *us* a question: "How come you folks at G.E. can deliver so much for the money, when the cost of most things is almost double?"

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These are some of the forces at work to keep prices reasonable in spite of higher taxes, higher wages, and higher material costs.

Will you do us a favor? Next time you hear anyone sound off that "everybody's jacking prices up" and "things aren't as good as they used to be," remind such pessimists that you know a company that aims to deliver more goods for more people at less cost—*less real cost*.

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In the Czech lands, once the industrial heart of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the workers have a trade union tradition many generations old. They know a speed-up when they see one.

When, under the new Communist regime, the workers turned to their trade unions for redress, they were answered with warnings that obstruction of production was sabotage. The Czech workers began to realize that the trade unions were no longer their own, but had been taken over by the state as an instrument for controlling them. From here they went on to the realization that the Communist Party was not working for them or for Czechoslovakia, but for the Soviet Union.

The workers rebel

In increasing numbers the workers have turned against the Stalinist Communist Party in Czechoslovakia. It is difficult to estimate to what extent they have turned against Communism itself. The indications are that very few desire the return of pre-war capitalism. Some would like a Social Democratic type of regime. But most have simply turned against the Soviet Union, which has so obviously been exploiting their country, and against the Soviet agents so arrogantly in their midst. They have become nationalist Communists — Titoists.

The workers have expressed their feeling by staying away from trade union meetings and Communist Party meetings. The Party organs howl with indignation and plead for Party discipline — in vain. In the factories the workers slow down production spontaneously. At present there can be little in the way of organization in their resistance; police spies are too numerous for that. But Five-Year Plan targets fall short of fulfillment by ever-increasing margins. Since July, 1951, presumably embarrassed by the obvious downward trends, the authorities have ceased publishing monthly figures of Plan fulfillment.

External pressures on the Communist regime of Czechoslovakia have also been multiplying. The United States has led the way in embargoing exports of strategic materials to Eastern Europe. Most Western European countries have followed. The restric-

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The subjects range from the newest Bargain Paradise (Peru) to the Oyster, to the White House, to the Ballet in America, to the Mystery of Angkor, to the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. A prodigious amount of planning, research, traveling and talent has gone into the November issue.

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tions have seriously embarrassed industry in Czechoslovakia and the other satellites. U.S. trade with Czechoslovakia nearly stopped after the imprisonment of William Oatis.

Communists on the defensive

Meanwhile Western Europe — thanks very largely to American aid — has regained a degree of economic health. With economic revival anti-Communist spirits have revived. In France and Italy the strength of the Communists has declined. Britain has rearmed; France has regained the stature of a military power. The Western European powers have been drawn together in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and a European Army is in formation. No longer need the anti-Communist and the anti-Stalinist people of Eastern Europe feel isolated and abandoned.

The tide has begun to turn. That the Communists are on the defensive is indicated by the purge of ardent and long-trusted Stalinist agents. In their desperate search for a lost popularity the Soviets have even played up to latent anti-Semitism by approving dismissal of nearly all the Jews who formerly held high office in the Communist Party or state bureaucracy of Czechoslovakia.

In installing a nationalism which they presume to be under control the Soviets are, however, playing a dangerous game. Can they be sure that a phony Titoist will remain phony forever, as he contemplates the growing power of the West and the durability of Marshal Tito's regime? Furthermore, production still lags. Communist Party and trade union organizations have not yet regained their popularity.

Congress has allocated \$100 million for use in helping our friends behind the Iron Curtain. With these funds and other allocations it will be possible to intensify our propaganda and to work with freedom-loving people in the satellite countries.

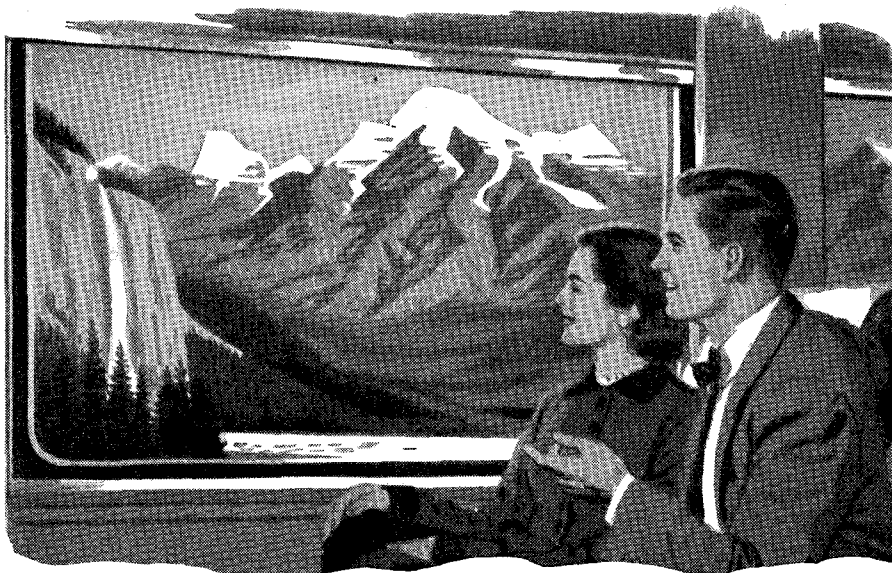
If we are wise and fortunate we may be able to force Soviet Russia back into her natural frontiers without war. If we are unwise or unfortunate, and war comes, we are assured of effective allies operating behind the Soviet front, inside Czechoslovakia, and throughout the satellite area.



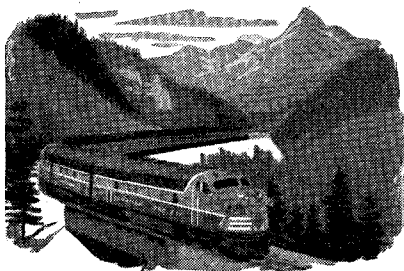
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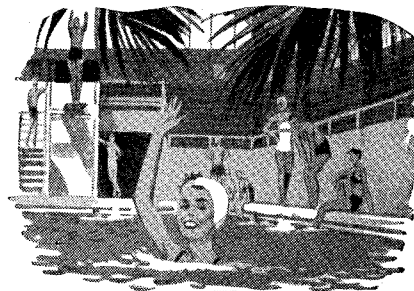
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Washington

FOR the most part, General Eisenhower has been running against President Truman, while Governor Stevenson has substituted Senator Taft for Herbert Hoover as his favorite whipping boy. The General drew by far the bigger crowds. Stevenson had large, attentive, and appreciative audiences, but the people poured out by the thousands to view the beloved hero of World War II. The significance of these throngs was not easily assessed. General MacArthur had drawn the masses out to see and hear him — and had faded away. President Roosevelt drew big crowds, and always won. Bryan and Al Smith — and even Dewey — had attracted curious and enthusiastic audiences, and had lost.

Certainly it was plain that the name and the fame of Eisenhower, and a friendly feeling for him as a man and a hero, extended into every nook and cranny of the nation. Those who knew Stevenson, and those who met and heard him, came away admiring him, respecting his gifts and his character, but he was still a somewhat remote and unknown quantity to the great mass of the voters.

Governor Stevenson's campaign was markedly different from anything to which the American electorate had become accustomed in a generation of stridency, name-calling, and rough infighting. His speeches, unghosted, bore the stamp of a highly personal literary talent — free from the ear-tickling cant so commonly turned out by the hucksters in the speech-writing trade.

Stevenson's wit

Stevenson's style is almost elegant in its classic perfection. There were many who hoped and some who feared that it was too rare a meat to feed the hungry populace. Some, even if only a few, Presidential candidates in past years have been gifted with unusual powers of clear statement and chaste expression. But only Lincoln can be said to have possessed — and dared to use — such a fund of humor as Stevenson showed. Stevenson, unlike Lincoln, whose wit was homely as his face, carried a stiletto up his sleeve.

Eisenhower and his advisers proved sensitive to Stevenson's jibes. The General said that the Gov-

ernor might be funny, but that the issues were not; and Republican speakers began to refer to Stevenson as "The Little Joker." Stevenson went blandly on his way, making no effort to remake himself or his style, feeling quite correctly that, for good or ill, he was stuck with himself, and that the worst of all possible Stevensons would be a synthetic one.

Eisenhower's charm

Some observers felt that a similar realization might improve General Eisenhower's quality as a campaigner. In the prepared addresses, which still bore the signs of multiple collaboration though perhaps not, as the Governor charged, multiple ownership, Eisenhower struck no dazzling sparks.

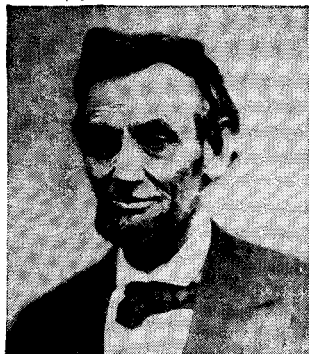
It was in his shorter, unbriefed rear platform appearances that the General became Ike. Here, meeting the crowds more intimately, Eisenhower showed the kindly, thawing qualities which have made him one of the best-loved Americans of his day. Though the reporters on his train might sneer about "crossing the 38th platitude" — and indeed there was little that was either original or specific in the content of these little sermons — Ike had the undeniable capacity to make ordinary folk feel that they faced a man who cared deeply about them as he had cared about their boys.

The riddle was whether caring was enough and whether the friendly atmosphere of Main Street could hold up against the grand manner of one who was bringing an eighteenth-century aura into twentieth-century politics.

The Stevenson jokes and jibes were, while authentic, by no means unconsidered. Stevenson's greatest handicap was his dimness, and his biggest task was to bring himself into the people's intimate consciousness where his opponent had lingered for a decade. No better or less offensive method of genteel self-advertisement could have been contrived than a series of quips so apt, and so inoffensive, as to mark their author a flavorful "character" with a pleasant tang.

Polls, reporters, pundits, and prophets are, as 1948 showed, but fallible guides in the labyrinths of

Lincoln's last photograph. Booth's bullet ended his life three days later.



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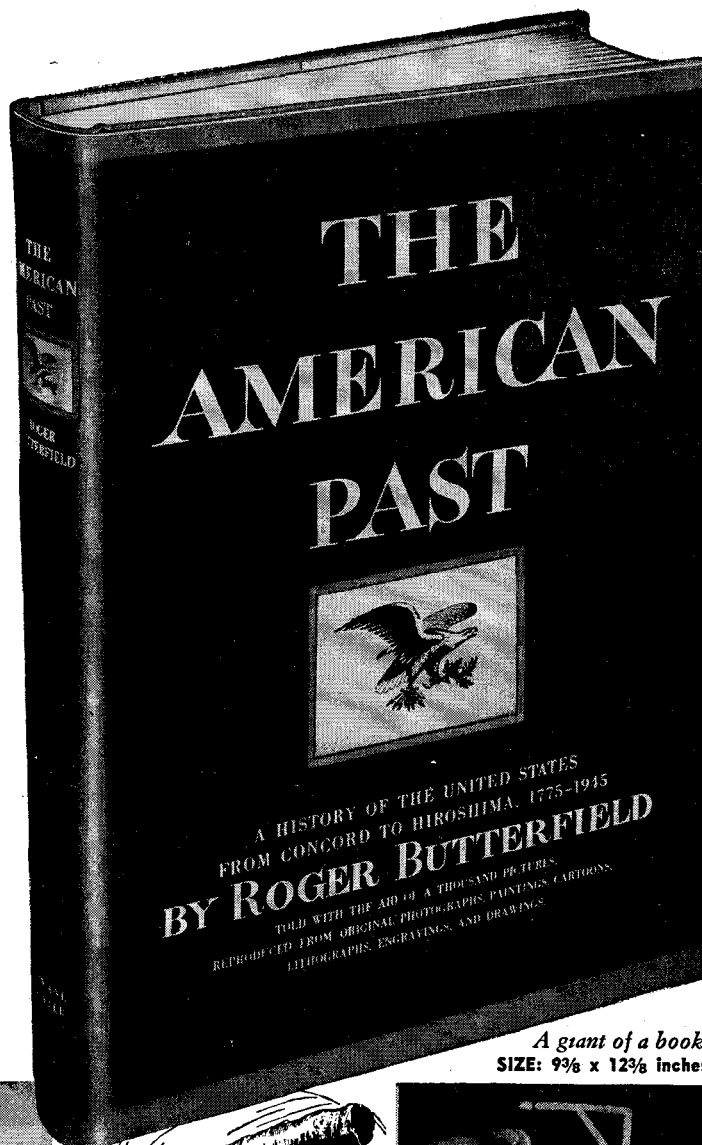
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political prediction. So far as they could be trusted, there seemed agreement, skittishly stated as this issue goes to press, that Eisenhower was in the lead, and that his margin was largely the margin of his name and his fame. Whether this margin could be overcome, as Democrats have in the stretch overcome early Republican leads before, was the question on which hung the outcome of the election.

Communism in government

Senator Joseph McCarthy's renomination by a landslide majority over his Republican primary opponents hit both parties like a ton of bricks. McCarthy's renomination had been expected, but the dimensions of his victory were stunning. His vote exceeded the combined total of all other candidates in both Democratic and Republican primaries.

McCarthy's principal Republican rival, Leonard Schmitt, had campaigned vigorously, utilizing with seeming effectiveness the radio "talkathon" — which bid fair to become 1952's oddest political innovation. Schmitt, a long-time active Republican of impeccable German Catholic origins, did not seem

likely to unhorse McCarthy. But most observers had predicted a close finish, especially in view of the fact that Wisconsin Democrats were free to cross over into the Republican primaries. Indeed, many crossed over, but numbers of them apparently did so in order to vote for McCarthy.

The effect upon General Eisenhower's campaign was immediate. At a press conference late in August Eisenhower had, without specifically mentioning either Jenner or McCarthy, rebuked them both for what he termed "un-American tactics," especially the savage attacks made by both upon General Marshall. But after McCarthy's victory, Eisenhower endorsed Jenner for re-election, in a statement deemed by Jenner's campaign manager to be "not daring enough." And one of Eisenhower's chief aides, Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, announced that McCarthy would be asked to stump the nation for Eisenhower, with special emphasis upon the issue of communism in government. Apparently the Republican high command, fortified with the Wisconsin returns, had convinced the General that "communism in government" was not only

a winning issue but an indispensable one, and that partial acquiescence in McCarthy's methods was the only sure-fire way to cash in on it.

Meanwhile Governor Stevenson hammered away at McCarthyism, daring even to beard the American Legion at its national convention in New York. From the beginning, Stevenson and his advisers had acted on the assumption that Jenner and McCarthy were among Eisenhower's political liabilities. Almost the first statement which the Illinois Governor made as his campaign got under way was to point out the alleged incongruity of the participation of Jenner and McCarthy in the General's crusade.

The Wisconsin primary raised in some minds a question whether Stevenson's decision, which won wide acclaim in the press, had been politically wise. However, the Democratic candidate gave no sign of backing down. Indeed, he had little choice. He issued a Constitution Day statement reaffirming his original stand against irresponsible character-daubing; conferred with Thomas E. Fairchild, McCarthy's Democratic opponent; and prepared to speak against McCarthy in Wisconsin itself.

Byrd and McCarran

Governor Stevenson himself was hardly free of party troubles. The Governor had denounced Eisenhower for failing to denounce Jenner and McCarthy, and he had blazed away at the Taft-Eisenhower peace pact.

But there was the problem of Senators Byrd and McCarran in the Democratic ranks. Byrd was comparable to Taft rather than McCarthy. Whether Stevenson supported him for re-election was not very important, since he had no opposition. But whether Byrd supported Stevenson might well determine the outcome in Virginia. Byrd has opposed every important domestic measure sponsored from the Democratic leadership in twenty years, and often voted with Taft on matters of foreign policy. Stevenson wiggled a bit: he thought Byrd a fine, decent fellow, an able man, and a sincere economizer.

McCarran, the powerful Nevada counterpart of McCarthy, was something else. He had written Stevenson a brusque letter about left-wing influences in the Springfield headquarters,

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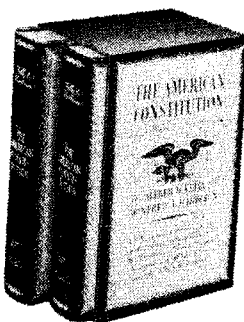
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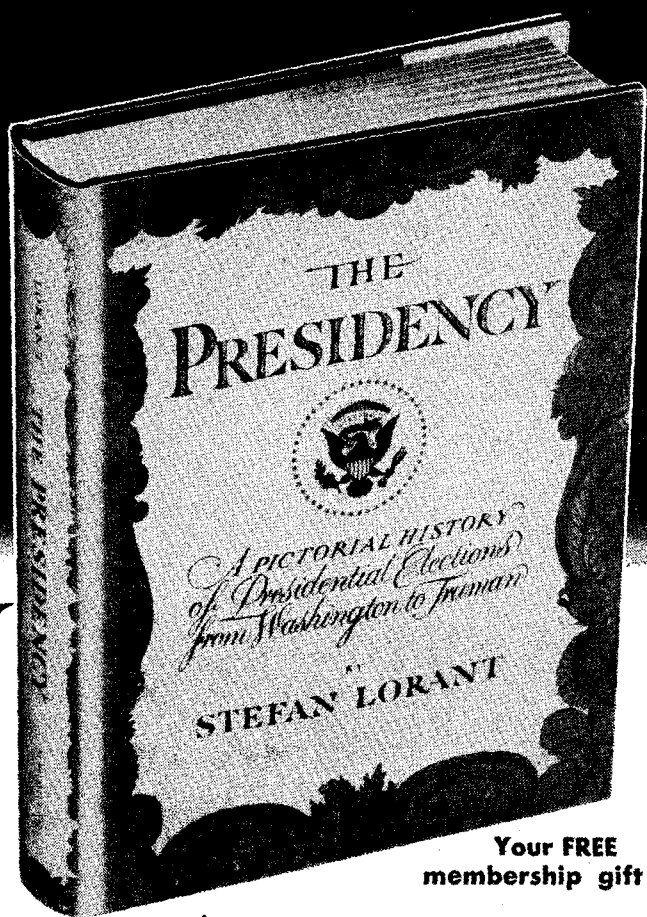
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but was satisfied with a soft epistolary answer. Though not up for re-election in 1952, McCarran was to civil libertarians a symbol of Democratic McCarthyism.

Once more Stevenson, when asked his views on McCarranism, squirmed. He endorsed the young newspaperman who had just trounced McCarran's law partner in the Nevada Senatorial primary; but he had never met McCarran face to face and needed more time to study his views.

The 83rd Congress

Stevenson bore down harder and harder on the possible domination of an Eisenhower administration by Senator Taft and his political allies. There had been deep, wide differences between Eisenhower and Taft on fundamental issues of foreign policy, though on domestic affairs they had never been so far apart as their respective partisans would have wished. These differences could not be obscured by the soupy phrases of a harmony declaration. Stevenson pointed out that the Taftites who were seeking re-election to the Senate and House on Eisenhower's ticket might well hold a balance of power in a Republican Congress.

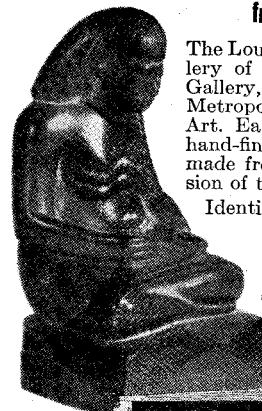
Could Eisenhower persuade or would Taft cajole these reluctant dragons into a sharp reversal of form? At times the feat seemed almost superhuman, especially if one reviewed the prospective committee chairmanships in a Republican 83rd Congress.

Control of most key committees in Senate and House alike would fall into the hands of chairmen who follow Taft. In the Senate, Wiley of Wisconsin would head the Foreign Relations Committee; Bridges of New Hampshire (Henry Grunewald crony), Appropriations; Millikin of Colorado, Finance; and Joe McCarthy, Executive Expenditures.

In the House, Dewey Short of Missouri would head up the Armed Services Committee; Chipfield of Illinois (a McCormick protégé), Foreign Affairs; Hoffman of Michigan, Executive Expenditures; Reed of New York (a high-tariff zealot), Ways and Means; and Allen of Illinois (another *Chicago Tribune* favorite), the all-powerful Rules Committee. Such a prospect would not bode well for Congressional acceptance of an Eisenhower-Dewey-Lodge foreign policy.

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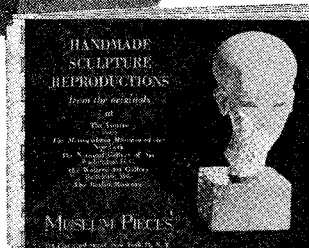


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Stevenson had a corresponding problem in connection with some of his domestic policies, which would be tossed to the not so tender mercies of senior Southerners in Senate and House. However, on foreign policy at least, the Democrats were almost one body, and to many thoughtful independents the possibility of conservative Democrats blocking health insurance was less ominous than the prospect of go-it-alone Republicans playing ducks and drakes with the destiny of an atom-smashing world.

Even to this there was another side. A newly elected President has great power to influence the views of the Congress. Patronage is a nasty word but it still works wonders with a recalcitrant committee chairman. In addition, much of the irresponsibility which may have characterized Republican Congressional leadership is a possible function of a too-long separation from the responsibilities as well as the delights of power.

Subsidies for public servants

The ultimate impact of the Nixon incident would remain incalculable until election day and perhaps ever afterward. Nixon himself took a bold course in his highly dramatized television appearance. He claimed complete justification for the fund and pleaded for the sympathy of the electorate.

The immediate response to Nixon's speech was favorable; General Eisenhower pronounced it a complete vindication, but the cold judgment of history might not be so generous.

The Democrats were hardly in a position to capitalize on the Nixon episode. Senator Sparkman's wife had been serving as his secretary for ten years. This is widespread Congressional practice and, although considered less than fastidious, did not involve any question of improper influence.

Governor Stevenson had been raising a fund from wealthy Illinois citizens to supplement the salaries of state officials and hold them in the public service. This too is a practice subject to abuse, but it involved no personal benefit for Stevenson. It was plain to all that special funds and subsidies would not be necessary if we paid our government officials enough.

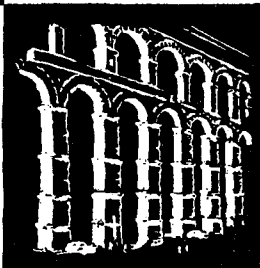
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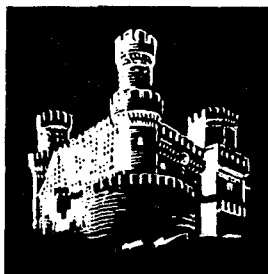
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North Africa

THE Tunisian and Moroccan problems present the United States with a foreign policy dilemma from which there can be no comfortable escape. Whatever positive action we take is likely to endanger our objectives, either in NATO and Western Europe or in the Middle East, and to have unfavorable repercussions upon our Mediterranean strategy. The Soviet Union has been given a tailor-made opportunity to stir up dissension among the Western nations and to pose as the stalwart champion of oppressed peoples, while the South Asiatic states will tend to judge our attitude toward Asia and Africa by the stand that we take on Tunisia and Morocco.

Our attempt to create a Middle Eastern Command including the Arab states failed largely because of popular feeling against the West. Support for the French in North Africa would intensify Arab suspicions of the United States.

On the other hand, France is the keystone of Western European defense and is already showing signs of restiveness under our leadership. Not only do the French at home bitterly resent any American encouragement of the nationalists, but the North African colonists are strongly represented in the groups upon which the present government must rely for its parliamentary majority. The final ratification of such essential elements of our foreign policy as the Contractual Agreement with Germany and the European Defense Agreement could, therefore, be imperiled by any show of American sympathy for nationalist claims.

The divisive elements

The settled portion of North Africa constitutes a thin strip of arable land 1000 miles long and from 150 to less than 20 miles in width, compressed between the Mediterranean and the Sahara. The total population is now about 20,000,000, of which 1,400,000 are Europeans and about 500,000 Jews, who already have been or are being assimilated by the European communities.

Political disunity has been the consequence of North Africa's geographic configuration. The area has always been divided into three separate regions, corresponding roughly to Tunisia, Algeria, and

Morocco, which the French have not endeavored to unite. Algeria is legally an integral part of France, while Tunisia and Morocco are sovereign states whose rulers are theoretically "advised" but in fact controlled by French officials. The only coördination between the governments of the three countries is through periodic conferences between their principal French officials.

The plains and all the major cities are inhabited by Arabic-speaking peoples, but Tunisia is the only one of the North African countries in which they constitute practically the entire population. Some 30 per cent of the native population of Algeria and about 45 per cent of that of Morocco is still composed of Berbers, the original inhabitants of the country. The Berbers are, for the most part, fiercely independent mountaineers who have preserved intact their ancient social structure, even to the point of refusing to accept Koranic law.

Historically anarchy was the rule in North Africa. The prevailing insecurity confined urban life largely to coastal Tunisia and northern Morocco, where some governmental authority continuously existed. The cities of these two regions were the home of an Arabic middle class and artisan group which have been the backbone of the nationalist movements; as such this middle class is of particular significance at the present time, since a native middle class has not developed with the expansion of the economy except where it existed prior to the coming of the French.

The cities and the countryside have always been divided by a virtual abyss. The Berbers would have no truck with the Arab cities and their governments, while the Arabic-speaking inhabitants of the plains did not even share the same dialect with the urban residents, whom they regarded with suspicion and hostility. These attitudes persist to this day.

The ties of faith

Islam alone unites the conflicting elements of the native population in North Africa. Any issue which acquires or can be twisted into having a religious significance can arouse the fanatical adherence of an otherwise politically indifferent people. The Ulema, the learned in Koranic law, among whom

the Ulema of Fez are pre-eminent, have prestige and great potential political power. The Sultan of Morocco occupies an almost unassailable position, not owing to any political power, but because he is a sherif, a descendant of the Prophet, and therefore sacred in his person, and because his accession to the throne was sanctioned by the Ulema of Fez.

The fundamentally theocratic nature of Islam and its hold upon the minds of the North African natives have frequently been advanced by the French as reasons for not taking the Communist danger seriously. Unfortunately, the truth is less rosy. The deeply religious Moslem, in his unquestioning belief in the almighty power of Allah, is quite capable of thinking that he can go for a ride on a tiger and come back unscathed. It is precisely the most orthodox and most reactionary Moslem leaders in North Africa who have flirted with the Communists in the naïve belief that they could overreach and outmatch them in the end.

The French have vastly increased the wealth of North Africa by comparison with what they found there upon their arrival, but it nonetheless remains a relatively poor area. The climate is extremely variable and droughts are frequent and disastrous; there are no commercially exploitable coal deposits, and water for both irrigation and power development is, except in Morocco, scarce and undependable. In the absence of reliable sources of power, industry has been slow to develop.

At the same time the population is rapidly increasing—it has quadrupled in Algeria in the hundred years since the completion of the French conquest. None of the three countries has the resources to stand on its own feet; their defense and the greater part of their development programs are financed out of the French metropolitan budget, and the nationalists readily admit that, if independence were to be achieved, extensive outside financial assistance would be needed.

Class against class

Nationalism in North Africa is essentially a middle-class movement. The nationalist parties have therefore been strong in Tunisia and Morocco, where there has always been a strong middle class, and weak in Algeria,

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where a middle class had not developed prior to the coming of the French.

A handful of European-educated intellectuals, largely drawn from the middle class, has provided the top leadership, but they are numerically too few and spiritually too isolated from the mass of the population to be able to accomplish anything by themselves. The artisan class is rapidly decaying and its support, therefore, is not a long-term source of strength for the nationalists.

In Tunisia, where the growth of the cities has been less spectacular than in Algeria and Morocco, the working class is comparatively disciplined and mature, and the nationalists have been able to organize a strong trade union movement. The unskilled workers of the modern Moroccan and Algerian cities, drawn in recent years from the landless farmers and the overpopulated hill country, together with the migratory laborers who work the large European-owned estates, have been willing recruits for the nationalist movements; but having nothing in common with their middle-class leaders, they have proved to be dangerous and unreliable followers.

The French, moreover, have prevented the creation of purely native trade unions in Algeria and Morocco, and the nationalists have thus been deprived of any reliable link with the working classes.

The rural masses — the great majority of the population in all three countries — have been little affected by nationalist propaganda, and in Morocco the Berber population has been entirely indifferent or even hostile. The support of the Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunisia has, however, provided the nationalists in those countries with easily understood symbols of sovereignty around which the mass of the population might be rallied in a time of crisis. In Morocco, moreover, the spiritual influence of the Sultan has contributed an aura of religious justification to the nationalist cause.

On the other hand, the legal status of Algeria as an integral part of France has severely handicapped nationalist agitation there, which the French have treated as the equivalent of sedition. The nationalist parties in Al-

geria have been almost harassed out of existence by the French authorities. In desperation over their loss of political influence, they have concluded an alliance with the Communists, the only instance in which North African nationalist parties have entered into such a suicide pact. The Communists have pinned all their hopes — so far in vain — upon such alliances with the nationalists, since their own propaganda has had little effect upon the natives.

France holds on

All the major nationalist parties admit the necessity of French guidance and assistance in the technical and economic fields, and of continued defense arrangements with France, but they insist that purely internal matters should be transferred into native hands. They assert that their countries are at least as advanced as many of the independent nations of the Middle East and that they have an equal right to self-government. They justly claim that the French have denied the natives access to any but the most subordinate official positions and have made no effort to create native administrations.

In Tunisia and Morocco the nationalists regard with apprehension the growth of large foreign colonies which have monopolized the most lucrative sources of wealth and which exercise a preponderant influence in the government. They fear that the two protectorates will ultimately be reduced to the status of Algeria. They have therefore strenuously resisted French reforms, such as the creation of mixed Franco-native municipal councils and legislative bodies, which, though liberal in appearance, would have the effect of consecrating the right of the French colonists to participate in the governments of the protectorates.

On the other hand, the educated cadres required to administer a modern state do not exist in any of the North African countries. It is, moreover, essential that conditions favorable to continued capital investment, which in effect means French investment, be maintained, since, in the absence of a continuous large inflow of capital, the rapidly increasing population would soon overtake the means of subsistence.

The French attitude toward North Africa is conditioned by the interplay

of two factors which, though radically different in origin, are sometimes indistinguishable in their effects. The first is the belief of the French that it is the sacred mission of France to elevate North Africa to her own political, economic, and cultural level and their consequent refusal to hand over this task to less competent hands.

The second is the determination of the French North African colonist to ensure the protection of his interests through the open or disguised supremacy of the French colonies in the three countries. As many of the colonists have accumulated large fortunes, they have ample funds with which to lobby in the French parliament and to assist in the election of legislators who will be subservient to their interests.

The French can justly claim that they have brought order to anarchic countries, impartial justice where there had been little but oppression, honest government to replace corruption, education in the place of illiteracy, and a phenomenal degree of economic development. If the colonists have benefited most from the develop-

ment of North Africa, it was because they had the capital, the intelligence, and the energy to exploit resources that had previously been untouched. Moreover, they pay by far the largest share of the taxes in all three countries.

Great as their achievements have been, the French frequently seem to act in such a manner as to defeat their own highest purposes. They claim that their policy is one of gradualism, but the progress is often so gradual as to be imperceptible. They have done everything possible, without resorting to outright totalitarian methods, to stifle the native press and native organizations, especially the trade unions, and to cut off the native from contact with the outside world.

Their failure to appreciate the dangers of driving the nationalists into an alliance with the Communists could prove to be criminal folly. Above all, they have defied the teachings of their greatest colonial administrator, Marshal Lyautey, in resorting more and more to direct administration instead of impelling the natives to govern themselves well.

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Most American cigarettes—in fact nearly all tobacco products—contain licorice in varying amounts. The quantity in a cigarette, cigar or pipeful of tobacco is relatively small, but industry-wide the use of MacAndrews & Forbes pure licorice extract adds up to a yearly total of nearly 20 million pounds!

The ancient "sweet root," whose fabled virtues are imperishably inscribed in stone and whose lore has filtered through the centuries, still holds its own in company with other irreplaceable natural products. In pharmaceuticals, licorice is used chiefly to mask the taste of bitter

medicines. In candy and confections it has long been a unique and dominant flavoring ingredient. In tobacco it is used to add a subtly sweet flavor, enhance mellowness, and serve as a moisture-retaining agent. And several licorice root by-products, such as Foamite Firefoam, have won worldwide recognition in their own right.

MacAndrews & Forbes Company is the principal importer and largest processor of licorice root in the United States. This carries with it a

responsibility we guard through scrupulous manufacturing and marketing standards and by pursuing a program of continuous research into new and improved uses for licorice and the residual products of the spent root.

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Licorice has long been taken for granted by the American public. Not one person in a hundred has any idea of the colorful history or present potential of this ancient plant. The ATLANTIC believes it is in the public interest to have the President of MacAndrews & Forbes present in detail the story of what man has done — and is doing — to analyze and develop the amazing properties of licorice.

LICORICE: DARK MYSTERY OF INDUSTRY

by WILLIAM W. WALKER

President, MacAndrews & Forbes Company

Licorice is at once the most mysterious and the most familiar of plants. The use and refinement of this sweet root have followed the march of civilization. Licorice was treasured by ancient man. In China the Buddhist priests used a liquid extracted from it in their ceremonies. The Scythians discovered that licorice quenched thirst: legend had it that Scythian warriors could go for twelve days without drink when supplied with licorice and mare's-milk cheese.

In our time licorice is known to every American boy who has bought penny candy. In cough drops it has had a soothing effect on the mouth and throat, and the same properties have made it indispensable in almost all tobacco products. More than 90 per cent of the licorice extract processed in the United States today is consumed by the tobacco industry.

As the result of research and invention over the past four decades a number of diverse by-products have been created — fire-fighting foam, a compost for mushroom culture, paperboard for shipping cartons, insulation board resistant to sound, heat, and cold. Now the healing qualities of licorice are being analyzed and tested in the field of medicine, and it is here perhaps that it will find its greatest usefulness in the last half of the present century.

Where Licorice Is Found

Licorice has been grown in many parts of the world, as far north as England and the United States, but the primary supply still comes from the old countries around the Mediterranean — Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Syria — and from Iraq and parts of Russia and of China. Of these, the

most important source of supply by far is Turkey and its Levantine neighbors.

The licorice plant is a leguminous shrub reaching a height of several feet. It sends down a tap-root which develops a thicket of runners sometimes 25 feet long. When the tangled root is pulled out of the ground at harvest time — every three or four years — some tendrils remain to carry on the propagation of a new crop. Only the root of the plant has commercial value.

The root is gathered from the riverbanks, where it grows profusely in frequently flooded land. It is hauled by camel, donkey, ox, and boat to collecting stations where it is baled for shipment to the factory.

The botanical name for licorice is *Glycyrrhiza* — a word derived from the Greek, meaning "sweet root." The characteristic principle of the root is known in chemistry as glycyrrhizin, a substance nearly fifty times as sweet as cane sugar. The sweetness is still detectable in water at a dilution of one part in 20,000. It has the reputation of being the sweetest compound in nature.

How the Ancients Used It

The Indian prophet Brahma recommended licorice to his people as a tonic and as an elixir of life.

In China on the morning of Buddha's birthday, a liquid extract obtained by steeping and soaking licorice root was poured over Buddha's statue three times in quick succession. Meanwhile the priests chanted incantations and the worshippers prayed. The fluid that dripped from the image



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was caught and portioned out to the faithful for curative uses.

Egyptian hieroglyphics tell us that in the days of the Pharaohs, licorice root was mixed with water to produce a drink known as *mai sus* — still a perennial favorite refreshment among the Egyptian people. And Lord Carnarvon discovered a generous supply of the root in the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen.

Licorice was an iron ration for the Scythians and for the armies of Alexander the Great, and the conquering Caesars regularly carried licorice root as an indispensable supply on their marches into Africa, Gaul, and Spain.

The Greek physicians of Aristotle's day prescribed licorice for patients suffering from asthma, dry cough, and maladies of the chest. Mixed with honey it was also administered for wounds.

In the Dark Ages

In the Dark Ages, the lore of licorice was kept alive in the cloisters and monasteries of southern Europe by the monks who, in addition to their religious duties, administered to the sick. During the Renaissance it again became popular as a sweet medicine brought from the Orient. Cultivation was started in Italy and Spain and eventually extended to southern Germany and England.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the cultivation of licorice root was confined to a small area near Pontefract Castle. That was its chief source for the British Isles throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Licorice as a Candy

In the eighteenth century, George Dunhill, a chemist, decided that licorice extract had too strong a flavor to be used as a confection. He blended the extract with sugar, molasses, flour, and other ingredients and produced what were called Pontefract Cakes.

The popularity of Pontefract Cakes soon led to the production of other licorice confections, which today have a wide sale in Great Britain. Bassett's Allsorts, which is a mixture of variously flavored licorice candies, was the result of an accidental mixing in a salesman's sample case. Allsorts is vastly popular not only in England but also in the United States, Canada, and other countries. Last year the British consumed 813 pounds of licorice

candies per thousand population, many times the amount used in the United States.

In the penny candy stores early in this century American boys were buying licorice whips, licorice shoestrings, licorice jujubes — and the kids loved them because they were chewy and lasted so long. What few people realize is that much of the candy which passes as licorice among the young citizenry contains little if any licorice. It draws its characteristic flavor from oil of anise — which has long been confused with licorice because it is frequently used to give licorice confections a more aromatic character.

Another fact which will surprise the licorice-consuming public is that candies containing the extract of the sweet root need not be black. Pure licorice extract is a brownish black.

With the development of an easy-to-mix licorice syrup some years ago, the National Confectioners' Association undertook to promote the manufacture and sale of new and improved forms of licorice candies and confections. Licorice has long been recognized as a valuable health ingredient in candy. As such, it deserves to find favor with millions of Americans who enjoyed the flavor of licorice in their youth. With an eye on the many people constantly reducing and denying themselves ordinary sweets, at least one American manufacturer proclaims the low-calorie virtue of his licorice candy.

In view of these trends in the American confectionery industry and the demonstrated popularity of British-made licorice sweets in the United States, it is safe to say that our candy lovers will be consuming more licorice in the future.

Licorice in Tobacco Products

Americans demand mildness in their tobacco products; and licorice, with its soothing effect, is one of the important ingredients that lend mildness to the most popular pipe tobaccos, cigars, and cigarettes in the United States.

Every manufacturer has his own exclusive blending formulas which, of course, are carefully guarded secrets of the trade. It is known, however, that licorice in varying amounts plays an important part in most — but not all — formulas.

In some tobacco products, the extract of licorice is present in relatively small amounts. This is especially true of many cigarette tobaccos. In



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other products — particularly plug for chewing — licorice is present in such large quantities as to give the positive sweetness and pleasant flavor demanded by the users of this form of tobacco.

Some brands of pipe tobacco contain 5 to 10 per cent licorice. Plug tobacco may have as high as 20 per cent licorice content. Production of snuff, which is maintaining its popularity, especially throughout the South and Southwest, consumes large quantities of powdered licorice root and powdered licorice extract annually.

Licorice is used in tobacco products because of three properties which are not to be found in combination to the same degree in any other compound. It serves as a flavoring and sweetening agent. As a blending ingredient, it improves the quality of mildness. And it helps the tobacco to retain the proper amount of moisture and flexibility between the time of manufacture and its use by the consumer. Considering the American preference for sweetness and mildness, it is no accident that the manufacturers of the top-selling cigarettes in this country are also the largest consumers of licorice.

In the last ten years, MacAndrews & Forbes Company, Camden, N.J., the largest importer and processor of licorice root in the country, has sold annually some 20 million pounds of licorice products to the tobacco industry. It is a stable market which falls only when consumption of tobacco products drops off, and increases when tobacco sales gain or manufacturers add more licorice to their formulas.

Today, millions of Americans who associate the use of tobacco in one form or another with enjoyment and relaxation can thank licorice, to some degree, for the satisfaction they find.

Licorice in Modern Medicines

In the pharmaceutical field, licorice has been proved remarkably efficient in covering up the taste of bitter drugs. Its soothing properties, valued here as in tobacco manufacture, explain the wide use of licorice in cough syrups, throat lozenges, and pastilles.

While the pharmaceutical uses of licorice in the United States now require only one per cent of the extract processed here, consumption is expected to increase as research workers and clinical physicians in this country and throughout the world work to wrest from the root its medicinal secrets.

Research projects are now under way in this country and in Europe to test the properties of licorice and some of its derivatives in combating Addison's disease, a form of anemia which has long baffled medical science. Some research, financed by the licorice industry itself, has resulted in favorable reports. But they are not yet conclusive. The reported use of licorice in healing of stomach ulcers is being seriously investigated.

It is difficult for many to believe that licorice — valued as medicine by emperors and slaves, kings and peasants, wisemen and soothsayers for forty centuries — is without properties of value in the modern surge forward of medical science. Perhaps in no other field will licorice emerge as a more bountiful servant to mankind when its full medicinal properties are finally revealed.

The By-products of Licorice

As a result of research experiments in the licorice industry over the last four decades, a number of products of great usefulness — serving widely separated fields — have been created. Two seemingly unrelated facts are responsible for the development of Foamite Firefoam. One of these is that a fire cannot continue to burn once oxygen is shut off. The other is that a foam of unusual staying power forms in the process of extracting licorice from the root.

When these facts were set up side by side and examined critically, the possibility of using the foam as a fire extinguisher was first considered feasible. Experiments soon revealed that boiling the licorice root after the primary extract had been drawn off resulted in a liquid of extraordinary foaming power. In this way, the spent root yielded a foaming agent which became the basic component in the now famous Foamite Firefoam. When projected on a fire, the foam blankets the flames and clings to the burning surfaces so stubbornly that oxygen is completely shut off. Even fires of great intensity, such as petroleum and chemical-liquid fires, are quickly quelled through this method.

A second major development resulting from a war on waste among the licorice industry's research men involves a further use of the spent root. Experiments proved that an insulating board of great structural strength could be made from the tough fibers of the root.

Tests show that a sheet of this board a half-inch thick is equal to a stone, brick, or concrete wall



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six inches thick as insulation against noise, heat, and cold. The new product became an instantaneous hit with architects and builders for home and industrial construction.

Pulp made from the spent root of licorice is also used in the manufacture of paperboard. The tough root fibers give boxes made from the board unusual durability and rigidity.

Still another use for the fibers of the spent licorice root has been found in the manufacture of compost for mushroom culture. They are ideal for aeration of the compost nutriment, promoting tastier mushrooms with a chalky color.

Although the present proved and widespread uses of licorice and its by-products are not great in number, certainly the varied fields to which they have been adapted in the past quarter century suggest great possibilities in the years that lie ahead.

The Intimations of the Future

The research program in licorice, increasingly intensified over the past twenty-five years, has paid off, as already noted, in the development of commercial uses for every fiber of the root remaining after the extraction process.

Continuing research is directed toward increasing the consumption of licorice in the manufacture of products in which some is already used, toward improvement of the quality of these products, and toward the development of new products.

The use of more licorice is being encouraged in the manufacture of cigarettes and other tobacco products. The confectionery field in America is wide open to the development of new types of quality licorice candies made to suit American tastes. In recent years, ice cream and soft drink manufacturers have experimented with licorice as a flavoring.

In small quantities, licorice adds a bitter-sweetness to some types of chocolate and is credited with stabilizing fat dispersions, the cause of bloom — a grayish discoloration — on chocolate candy.

The antioxidant properties of licorice help to keep chewing gum fresh and flexible.

Medical research, with the encouragement of the licorice industry, is renewing and intensifying

its efforts to crack the ancient secrets of licorice and emerge with scientifically established facts about licorice as a remedy.

The British use licorice as a flavoring and to stimulate and preserve the foam in stout, porter, and ale. American brewers may find a method of incorporating it in equivalent beverages here.

Licorice has been used to flavor bran flakes and other similar cereals, to age and mellow smoking pipes, to pickle sheet metals, to enhance fish and meat appetizers and sauces, to make light-density, air-pocketed foam boards.

Manufacturers use licorice as sweetening, a mild tonic, and a regulator in feed for cattle, horses, and chickens. The American Pharmaceutical Association sponsors a formula containing a large percentage of licorice as a remedy for roup, an infectious disease of poultry.

In agriculture, licorice has been used in connection with colloidal sulphur as a dispersing agent in sprays in which its adhesive and wetting qualities also add to the effectiveness of the mixture.

A patent has been issued on the use of licorice for stabilizing acid latex and a method of manufacture. Considerable experimental work has been done in using licorice as a flotation agent in the separation of ores by gravity.

No one can say — at least no one in the licorice industry today is willing to hazard a guess — where prospecting for new and better uses of the sweet root will end.

In an age in which test-tube miracles are the rule rather than the exception, when the literature runs panting in an effort to catch up with new processes, new products, and new applications, few things seem impossible.

What is in store for licorice, the solace of the mighty and the meek down the corridors of time, the familiar and the unknown, the untested gift of nature whose potential after thousands of years has only been glimpsed in the last forty?

Time alone will tell. But if the promise of an almost incredible past, the assurances of the last few years, and the determination of the licorice industry are any indication, a dormant giant may well spring into amazing activity in the service of mankind.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

A Loophole Plugged

SIR:

Having read "Beyond the Law" by Newman Levy in the September *Atlantic*, I would say that Mr. Levy went slightly beyond the law himself. In his reference to *United States vs. Cordova*, 89 F Supp. 298, Mr. Levy suggested that Congress could pass a law prohibiting the type of crime involved but that Congress had not yet done so. Well, here it is: —

PUBLIC LAW 514, 82D CONGRESS, CHAPTER 697, 2D SESSION, S.2149

AN ACT

To confer Federal jurisdiction to prosecute certain common-law crimes of violence when such crimes are committed on an American airplane in flight over the high seas or over waters within the admiralty and maritime jurisdiction of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that section 7 of title 18, United States Code, is hereby amended by adding at the end thereof a new subsection reading as follows:

"(5) Any aircraft belonging in whole or in part to the United States, or any citizen thereof, or to any corporation created by or under the laws of the United States, or any State, Territory, district, or possession thereof, while such aircraft is in flight over the high seas, or over any other waters within the admiralty and maritime jurisdiction of the United States and out of the jurisdiction of any particular State."

Approved July 12, 1952

A. LISIK
Philadelphia, Pa.

This action was taken by Congress while Mr. Levy's article was going to press. High time, too. — THE EDITOR

"News and the Whole Truth"

SIR:

I wish to express my thanks for Elmer Davis's fine, provocative article, "News and the Whole Truth" (August *Atlantic*). Almost 90 per cent of the press is controlled by a minority political party, and this alone renders the reporter impotent to report the news objectively.

Let me offer this example. My own husband is a reporter for a national Republican newspaper. He goes out and gets the news and writes it up factually. *He* doesn't feel any shackles about his wrists, but as an objective and detached observer, *I* see them quite clearly. Several months ago, my husband was invited to hear Governor Stevenson speak in San Francisco. He attended the speech and participated in a press conference afterwards. He came home saying that the Governor had just made the most original, most rational statement concerning our relations with Russia that he had ever heard. So impressed was he with the speech that he brought home a copy for me to read.

"Well," I said, "you should certainly be able to write a wonderful story out of this." He looked at me blankly and told me that the paper had just sent him out to have a free lunch and would never consider printing even three lines on the subject. Thus, he didn't even write it up.

On the other hand, a very minor news story came along which happened to fit into the political policies

of the paper. My husband seized upon the story, interviewed at great length, and wrote a good-sized news item out of it. His publishers were delighted, gave the story front-page prominence, and it was later copied and amplified by newspapers all over the country. Yet the story was of such small, regional importance that, at best, it deserved front-page publishing only in a local business sheet.

My contention is that the reporter is totally dominated by his publishers, and that the news is mangled, distorted, selected, magnified, and suppressed by those who give it to us.

J. E. T.
California

The Atlantic in Korea

SIR:

I noticed in the correspondence column of the August *Atlantic* the editorial note about the Army's failure to renew its 4000 subscriptions because of lack of funds.

Enclosed is my check for \$6.00 for a year's subscription. Will you please send this subscription to the Army installation where you think it will do the most good? I get so much out of the *Atlantic* myself, I'd hate to have anybody else miss it.

F. L. SMITH, JR.
Tryon, N. C.

SIR:

With all the waste in money and in salaries of political hangers-on in Washington, it is a shame that funds cannot be found to continue the subscriptions for distribution to the men overseas of a magazine which has so much to contribute to their morale. To me that is a false economy. Let

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ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG, Minister
First Congregational Church
Lebanon, Conn.

We are happy to report that the subscriptions for the Armed Forces were renewed just as this issue of the *Atlantic* was going to press.

— THE EDITOR

I Personally —

SIR:

The morning paper carries a lengthy résumé of an article on Morocco by Charles R. Codman in the July *Atlantic*.

Apparently Mr. Codman made the statement that General Guillaume wrote "the first, and so far the only, French-Berber dictionary" (my retranslation from the French text in the paper), and this in the early twenties. I have beside me, as I write, a volume entitled *Dictionnaire Français-Berbère*, by E. Destaing, published in Paris in 1914 by Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, as volume 49 in the series Publications de la Faculté de Lettres d'Alger, Bulletin de Correspondance Africaine. This same series contains numerous Berber grammatical studies and vocabularies.

L. CABOT BRIGGS

Director of Algerian Study, American
School of Prehistoric Research
Algiers, North Africa

SIR:

Merlin Bowen's delightful article "From a Sportsman's Life," in the August *Atlantic*, by emphasizing the energy and enthusiasm of the army of birdlovers, brings to mind a de-

plorable deficiency on the American scene and impels me, with my accustomed alacrity in literary labors, to take pen in hand — or, in the interests of legibility, to set fingers to the typewriter keys.

I refer to the lamentable lack of a vigorous and vociferous group of fish-lovers. We see before us a great nation almost unanimous in devotion to dogs, an earnest aggregation bent on the build-up of birds, an illustrious segment distinguished by its concern for cats. Worms, insects, and snakes have their advocates. Yet all this presents but a sorry spectacle when in the summer any Tom, Dick, Harry, nay even Ike or Adlai, can with impunity sally forth to prey upon the noble denizens of the deep.

Fortified by our righteousness, we need no formal organization; our spirit of fair play and our worthy cause will suffice. At the present time, there lies ready to hand a Burning Issue: the tidelands oil. To a disinterested observer, especially one with little disposition to delve into legal intricacies, the long controversy over the underwater deposits serves to indicate that probably neither a particular state nor the Federal government can establish its title as perfectly unassailable or unquestionably superior to that of the other party. Seek, then, for a third solution. Look at the problem in the light of justice and it becomes clear that the true and rightful owners are the fish, whose habitat is being — or is to be — violated. Think of the hardships certain to result from the dirt, noise, and confusion attendant upon human undertakings; reflect upon the sad fate of countless graceful silver creatures shattered in their nerves, driven far from their homes!

Fellow citizens, are our hearts

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colder than a fish's blood? Shall we not rise to aid our finny friends?

HELEN CURDY
Kansas City, Mo.

SIR:

I have read with great interest Dr. Carl E. Taylor's thoughtful and informative article, "Will India Accept Birth Control?" (September *Atlantic*). I note, however, that in mentioning that "there is no teaching in the Koran against contraception" he has not perhaps heard that the Moslem law has given a definite permissive ruling in favor of contraception. The first such *fatwa* or judgment was pronounced several hundred years ago. The latest is dated January 25, 1937. It was published in Arabic in the July, 1937, issue of the *Journal of the Egyptian Medical Association*.

In Moslem countries all matters of personal status are cared for by the Church, and the Church Courts have final authority. Any Moslem may submit a personal question for answer to the Grand Mufti, who is the highest judicial authority. An Egyptian inquired of the Mufti:—

"What is Your Worship's opinion regarding the following? A married man to whom one child was born is afraid that if several other children are born he would experience great hardship in rearing and providing for them; and that his health might suffer a nervous breakdown as a result of his exertions and worries. Or he may be afraid lest his wife's health might deteriorate as a result of repeated and frequent childbirths, without sufficient interval for birth and recuperation. Now, should he or his wife, under such circumstances, be allowed to take certain measures, recommended by medical men, to avoid frequent childbearing, so that the mother may be rested and the father spared any undue hardship?"

Before answering, the Mufti consulted the lawyers of the Hanafy School, most important of the Four Schools of Islamic Law and Religion. After profound examination, the Grand Mufti sums up:—

"It is permissible for either husband or wife, by mutual consent, to take any measures . . . in order to prevent conception." (He refers to both natural and artificial methods.)

MRS. CHARLES F. BRUSH, *Editor*
"Around the World News of Population
and Birth Control"
New York City

"But, Pop—Don't You Love God, Too?"

The church bells are ringing and Jimmy and Jane are all dressed up ready to go. And so is Mother.

But not "Pop". He seems to think that "keeping the Lord's Day holy" is all right for the children. For Pop himself, though, it is his day of rest . . . "it even says so in the Bible." Besides, he will insist, he "is better than some people who go to church regularly."

Not all "Pops" are like this, of course. But empty pews in countless churches bear witness to the numerous fathers . . . and mothers also . . . who are either indifferent concerning their obligation to worship God, or confused as to how they should do so.

There is confusion, in fact, even among those who recognize this obligation. Some Christians insist that the Sabbath (Saturday) is the day to be kept holy, as do Orthodox Jews. In this they are following the literal meaning of the Law of Moses and ignoring the practice of the Christian Church from Apostolic times, as sanctioned by Jesus Christ.

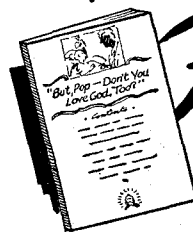
Our Lord Himself substituted the New Covenant for the Old, abrogating the law which made the Sabbath observance obligatory. Sunday became The Lord's Day of the Christians even during the lifetime of the Apostles. After several centuries, it became a worldwide law of the Church, which Christ had authorized to make laws.

There is also confusion as to what constitutes "keeping The Lord's Day holy." Catholics, for instance, must assist at Mass, or The Lord's Supper, under penalty of serious sin. Many other



Christians also place great importance on unflinching participation in Sunday worship. But many think going to church, while a "nice thing to do," is not absolutely necessary. Christian opinion also varies concerning what work, and what pleasure, are permissible on The Lord's Day.

Even though you are not a Catholic . . . and perhaps never intend to be . . . it will be inspiring and valuable for you to learn the Catholic teaching and practice concerning The Lord's Day. For these teachings and practice date back to Apostolic times and have their origin in the teaching and example of The Master Himself. They give a clear and understandable guide to those who wish to manifest their love of the Lord on His Day.



Free

Don't wait for your child to ask: "But, don't you love God, too?" Write today for free pamphlet explaining the Scriptural and historical authority for observing The Lord's Day as Catholics have been doing for nearly 2,000 years . . . pointing out what we must do—what we cannot do—if we wish rightly to honor God. For free copy, write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-36.

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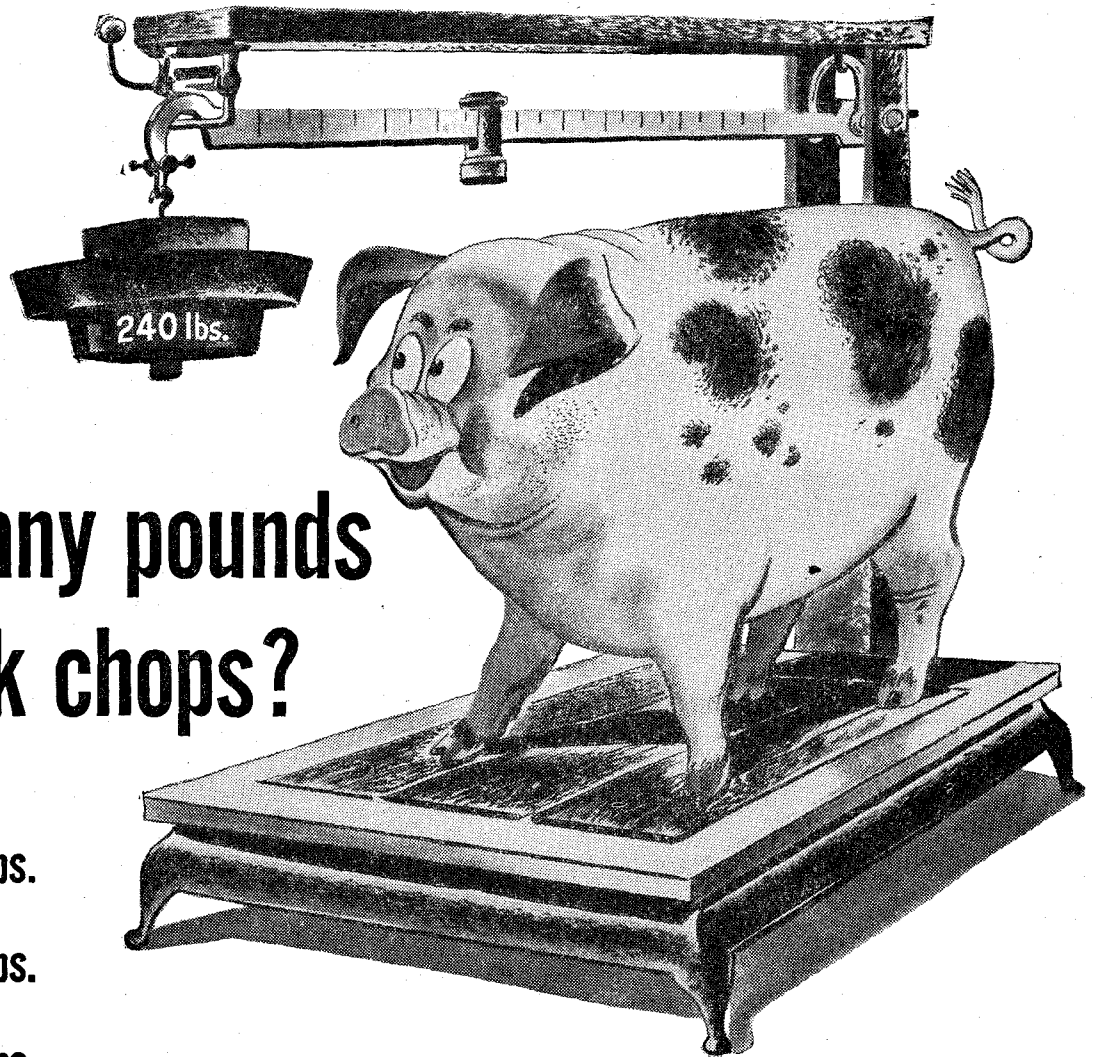
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PAUL G. HOFFMAN began as an automobile salesman for the Studebaker Corporation in 1911, served as its President from 1935 to 1948, and then left a position he had occupied with integrity and initiative to become head of the Economic Cooperation Administration, which carried through the Marshall Plan. This enterprise, which was originally estimated to require \$17 billion, achieved its goals at a cost of approximately \$12 billion. After his two and a half years in this job without precedent and his career as a businessman who always balanced his books, he is sharply aware of the necessities which have forced our National Budget higher and higher.

LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS

by PAUL G. HOFFMAN

THE American nation today has all the outward signs of unlimited prosperity. We have record production, full employment, rising prices, wide commercial and residential construction. But over this prosperous scene there hangs a heavy cloud: we are living beyond our means.

Since 1930 the Federal budget has been in balance just three years (the fiscal years 1947, 1948, and 1951). In the same period the national debt has climbed from \$16 billion to \$263 billion as of July, 1952. Most of this increase is a reflection of the great depression in the thirties and the global war that followed. We made a start at reducing the debt right after the war, but a year ago rearmament caught up with us and the budget is now deeply in the red.

The impact of this, so far as day-to-day living goes, has been felt by everyone in the form of unprecedented taxes and upward spiraling prices. Both have been discussed and lamented in every club and every kitchen. But a larger and more dangerous implication is not so easy to see and may be thrust on us directly only when it is too late. It is the hazard of an acute crisis, such as a full-scale war, calling for financing at a time when we are already caught in a creeping inflation and when present corporate and personal income taxes are distorting and undermining incentives. We would be start-

ing a giant mobilization of unpredictable duration from a financial position as serious as that which existed in the middle of World War II. Coping with such a situation could destroy our economy as we know it.

What can we do about that prospect now? One theoretical solution is higher taxes. But corporate taxes are largely passed along in higher prices, like sales taxes, and they both deter expansion and encourage waste. Stiffer personal income taxes could be ruinous of the individual incentive upon which productivity ultimately depends; and even if taxes at present rates were not already putting the dynamism of our society in danger, it would be hard to find political sponsors for any further increases.

The problem, then, revolves around cutting Federal expenditures rather than increasing revenues.

Can it be done? If so, how? These are questions which call, first, for a re-examination of the nature of the Federal budget and, secondly, for a fresh approach to its content.

In the current fiscal year, for example, we have been told that \$79 billion will be spent. Taking some latitude with details, we can conveniently divide that amount, and comparable totals for the three preceding fiscal years, into three broad categories as follows: —

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FEDERAL BUDGET EXPENDITURES AND RECEIPTS

	Billions of dollars			
	1950	1951	1952	1953
Fixed charges	14.6	13.4	13.3	13.6
General government	7.9	5.1	7.0	7.7
National security*	17.7	26.1	45.8	57.7
Total expenditures	40.2	44.6	66.1	79.0
Net budget receipts	37.0	48.1	62.1	68.7
Surplus or Deficit	-3.2	+3.5	-4.0	-10.3

* Excludes expenditures for promotion of the merchant marine and promotion of defense production and economic stabilization. The Federal budget includes these expenditures in the "national security" category but they are included in the above tabulation as a "general government" expenditure.

About the first of these categories, obviously little can be done. It is made up primarily of interest on the national debt, which is a contractual obligation; of Federal contributions to social security and other trust funds, which are both contractual and moral commitments; and veterans' benefits, which the American people have long recognized as a meritorious and inescapable responsibility. Beyond resisting questionable expansions and appropriations in these areas — and there have been many such in the last twenty years — the most we can do is to administer them efficiently.

This leaves us only two places in which to examine the possibilities of cuts.

General Government Expenses

The cost of general government this fiscal year amounts to \$7.7 billion, slightly less than 10 per cent of estimated total expenditures. This figure alone makes clear one fundamental fact that it has been easy to forget: *the most rigorous and vigilant action in reducing the cost of normal peacetime government functions would be far too small to enable us to live within our means.* In fact, if this \$7.7 billion of general government costs were wiped out entirely, we would still have a deficit of over \$2 billion.

This stark mathematical truth certainly does not mean that economies are not worth making in general government functions. But we ought to know why we make such economies and what to expect from them. Demonstrably, neither the purpose nor the effect can be to balance the budget. But by judicious economizing, we could get a more tightly and efficiently run government, eliminate unjustified subsidies and handouts to special groups, and crop the government down to a size and scope commensurate with necessary functions.

Before this can be done, we have to realize that under present budget procedures, principal attention is always focused on new functions, new services, new agencies. The result is that all the old operations and expenses largely escape sufficient re-examination. Each new budget thus has a high proportion of unnecessary holdovers in terms of employees and dollars that could either be merged

with or replaced by the new items, or maybe even be abolished altogether. Perhaps because of over-attention to the new features, both the Executive and the Congress are too casual about the old items, and have come to take them for granted as standard housekeeping costs that it would not be worth while to question.

Another logical and profitable area in which to take a fresh look at general government expenses is that of outright subsidies and of programs containing large elements of subsidies. The larger items in these two categories are the merchant marine, aid to navigation, air transport, highway construction, agriculture, land and water resources, housing, and the post office deficit. The cost of these programs during the current fiscal year totals \$5.5 billion, and this amount of course excludes hidden subsidies such as those involved in the Buy American law or the preferential tax provisions applicable to the shipping industry. Most of these programs get more money from Congress than the President asks for.

They tend to be self-perpetuating and also contagious. What a special group has one year it expects to get the next year. And what one group gets, another group wants. At the very least this process has a devitalizing effect on our political life.

There are two effective ways of counteracting long and numerous government subsidies. One is to insist that they all be openly and clearly defined, so that everybody knows who is getting what and why he is getting it. The second is continually to challenge every subsidy from the general taxpayer's point of view. Those handouts that are necessary to the national welfare would, as a result, not only survive but have more general and informed public support. And those which were just habits of past years could be weeded out.

Along with subsidies, the whole problem of governmental management with its attendant overhead needs unremitting scrutiny. Despite the fact that only 2½ per cent of the whole budget is involved here, it would save some money and pay much more in dividends of improved efficiency and limitations on government's congenital tendency to expand.

We need new ground rules, chief among which is legislation enabling the President to veto individual items in appropriation bills, instead of getting the all-or-nothing alternatives that confront him now. In this way the financing of major and necessary programs would not be jeopardized by the inclusion of irrelevant or self-serving riders that get approval only because the President cannot strike them out without vetoing the whole bill.

Improvements in budgetary procedure should be accompanied by reforms in the personnel practices of the government. This is a human as well as a fiscal problem. Often it is almost impossible for conscientious agency heads to fire incompetents or

to relocate misplaced personnel. Sometimes staffs under heavy pressure have to be enlarged with castoffs from other departments. Civil Service "status" and seniority or the statutory preference rights of veterans are unduly emphasized in many cases to the detriment of ability and industriousness. Created to put an end to the infamous spoils system of the last century, Civil Service today needs a good going-over to improve services and morale in the light of modern personnel techniques.

There has been much talk but little action in recent years regarding the duplication and overlapping of Federal agencies and departments. Confusion, conflicts, and waste continue despite demands for system, thrift, and efficiency. Decisions in the Executive branch are delayed or made tentative because so many agencies have to be consulted. These agencies then base their recommendations on different but not mutually exclusive considerations. One of the more familiar examples is the three-way split between departments on land and water management.

The Departments of Interior and Agriculture and the Corps of Engineers are constantly preoccupied with jurisdictional disputes and widely divergent viewpoints about the same project. Can any clear-cut decision, let alone prompt and economical action, emerge from such rivalries? There must be a better way of doing business than that.

Besides problems of organization, there are many political obstacles to such improvement. Special group appeals to Congressmen can stay the hand of the President and any reorganization planning, and appeals of this nature have more often succeeded than not. Before a President can establish order in his own house, he must have the support of a Congress willing to resist special pleading. Any effective reorganization will necessarily depend upon doing away with a good many ancient political easements and rights of way.

National Security Expenses

The overwhelming part of all our expenses goes towards the building of our own security and that of our friends in the free world. Currently some \$57.7 billion is going for these purposes. Until this prodigious total can be reduced, we clearly are not going to be able to live within our means, no matter how avidly we may yearn to do so. It is misleading and even fallacious to assume that some magical cutoff point awaits us a couple of years hence.

The bald fact is that we are launched — and not at our volition — on the most gigantic arms race in history. Our military leaders have set certain minimum goals for 1955. But that does not mean that the race will necessarily be over by then. By 1955 there will be new goals, to be determined by what the Soviets do during the next three years. The very essence of any arms race is to outdo the opponent in acceleration.

There is, moreover, a special factor in the current arms race. We are living through two major technological revolutions in warfare: the use of atomic energy and the development of guided missiles. A high rate of obsolescence is characteristic of any technological revolution. Within five years' time the air force we are building at such tremendous cost in 1952 may well be obsolete. As the tactical use of atomic weapons becomes more general, much of our present armaments will become obsolete. Consequently, for years after the present build-up is completed, enormous revenues might well be absorbed in a major re-equipment program. Yet we cannot remain unarmed until the technological revolution is completed. Nor can we cease aiding our allies, who are of course confronted with precisely the same problems and with the same probability of great re-equipment expenses.

In the face of these staggering armament facts, can we hope to survive without becoming a garrison state? There simply is no final answer. But there are fundamental conclusions at which we can arrive and which bear directly on our financial outlook.

So long as the armament race continues, a major hope of really living within our means, even with present high taxes, lies in getting more defense per dollar spent. This was important three years ago when we hoped to stabilize military expenses at \$12 billion a year. It is imperative when we find ourselves spending nearly \$60 billion.

Determining the maximum military strength that can be bought with the defense dollar is a difficult and intricate task for a skilled professional. But even the layman can be concerned with some compelling aspects of this problem. One of these is the exceptionally low ratio of men in combat to the total number of uniformed men used to support them — a lower ratio than in any other great army of modern times. Are we, with all our pride in the productivity of our labor in industry and agriculture, to admit a lower output per man-hour than the Soviets in the vitally important business of defense? Not only do we, with our far smaller population than the Soviet Union's, appear to make less economical use of our military manpower, but our cost per man in the defense establishment is far above that of any other in the world. If we are to survive the cold war, we must achieve the same superior efficiency in defense that our productive labor force, more abundant capital equipment, and greater technical skill have achieved in our normal economy.

One direction in which to start is to review more carefully our personnel and matériel requirements and to institute economy-minded procurement.

Fundamental to any betterment at all is economizing on manpower behind the lines. It is not presumptuous to suggest that we ought to be able to get supply, engineering, and communication

functions carried out with less manpower than other nations devote to similar tasks. Many if not most of these are, after all, functions that have fairly exact parallels in American industry, which yields to no nation in its output per man. Even at the front line, present organization may not be the optimum. Our infantry battalion has many more in headquarters and service functions than has a Soviet or British formation. A nation short on manpower but long on brains has to rely on skill in organization to overcome the shortage.

The same sort of talent needs to be applied to the problem of equipment. Indiscriminate saving on military supplies is clearly foolhardy. At the same time, the practice of designing equipment to be "the best" with no regard to cost is a great practice of luxury. The quality of a military product, once minimum requirements are met, is related to whether further perfection is worth the additional cost. An automobile company bringing out a new car specifies to its engineers minimum size and performance requirements without sacrifice of fundamental quality; but it also gives them a cost ceiling. Without the latter discipline, engineers told to design the best car possible to meet the specifications would come up with something 50 per cent or even 100 per cent more costly. And it would take them much longer, too, because they would naturally want to take advantage of every technological innovation that might be lurking around the corner.

On the other hand, the necessity to weigh the value of every improvement against the cost has resulted in better cars more cheaply produced. What it boils down to, in terms of defense equipment, is the need for appraising weapons so that possible improvements are considered, not against a yardstick of perfection, but according to whether the improvements represent a better use of the money involved than spending the same amount for some other purpose.

Related to this is a more satisfactory adjustment of the pace at which the old is thrown out as the new is adopted. The cavalry and coast artillery lived on in national budgets well after their usefulness had ended, a not unusual example of overlooked obsolescence. We cannot afford to spend the vast sums needed to develop and adopt new equipment and at the same time cling nostalgically to the outdated and superfluous. Economizing on a national scale requires hard choices. The military cannot insist on having things both ways without wasting both manpower and money.

Finally, there is the old difficulty of defining the strategic tasks of the three services. The supposedly unified military establishment still has two navies, two armies, and three air forces. There is increasing rivalry over the development and control of guided missiles. The Air Force is charged with being insufficiently attentive to the tactical

support of ground troops. There have been differences over antisubmarine warfare. And if there is unnecessary duplication in the strategic air arm and the supercarriers, we are wasting billions.

No layman can give the answer to these problems; but he can recognize in them plenty of ways to get more defense for his dollar. Again, however, he must remember that even if a cut of as much as \$20 billion could be made — over a third of the total for national security — our economy would still be under stress and our budget would still total \$60 billion.

The Prospect Before Us

This examination of general government expenses and military expenses suggests that considerable savings and much more efficient use of the defense dollar can be effected. What is equally important is a major, inescapable conclusion: *the United States cannot live within its means under conditions favorable to the survival of a free society until genuine peace prevails in the world.*

With such a peace, defense expenditures could be safely reduced to \$20 billion annually or less, a reduction of two thirds from the present level. Without such a peace, factors far beyond our control will largely determine our course and our economy.

There is no question that the leaders of the Kremlin are the most powerful influence in our fiscal problems. As long as they cling to their notion of forcing their way of life on the rest of the world, we are going to have to strain our resources, our pockets, and our national will to the limit. For there can be no real peace until this policy of conquest is changed to one of live and let live.

We can hope for such a shift of policy only through a positive program based upon present realities. Our military strength must be so built up that the Communist leaders can have no choice except to abandon any plan to dominate the world by arms. We have to convince them, too, that they cannot take over the world nation by nation through dividing and inciting. We must persuade them beyond any doubt that this time the free nations are going to stick together and work together. Finally, we must make it plain to the Soviet people, and to any Soviet leaders open to conviction, that we in America and in other free nations really want peace.

The prospect of living within our means, marked against this horizon of uncertainty and dreadful challenge, is dim and distant. It will come closer as we come closer to a genuine and durable peace, and no sooner. Our program is not easy even though the goal is clear. But if any generation of Americans, present or future, is to have the satisfaction of living within its means, it is a program we must fairly start and patiently pursue until the goal is reached.



English novelist and historian, C. S. FORESTER was on a journalistic assignment in the Spanish Peninsula when the idea first occurred to him of assaulting the Napoleonic legend. That he has done so, skillfully, all will agree who have followed the exploits of his hero Horatio Hornblower, a lieutenant, then a captain, then an admiral of the British Navy at the time of Nelson. Mr. Forester's novels have established him as one of the foremost seafaring writers of our time; in the preparation of them he has studied every move of the Corsican who became Emperor, and no one is better qualified to explain why Napoleon did not hold the enormous power he had generated.

COULD NAPOLEON HAVE WON?

by C. S. FORESTER

1

ON THE strength of a military reputation and by a show of military force Napoleon achieved supreme power in France, and he maintained that supreme power with the good will of the army. When his military reputation had declined, when he had lost the good will of the army, it was by military force that he was deposed. Whether anything short of a military disaster would have ended his reign or that of his dynasty is a question whose answer can never be known, and it can be left to the debate of the philosophers.

Arguments can indeed be put forward that every one of Napoleon's wars was forced upon him — there have been plenty of apologists who have advanced this theory, although when the attacks on Portugal in 1807, on Spain in 1808, and on Russia in 1812 have to be defended the arguments seem feeble enough. Those attacks are hard to excuse; it is almost impossible to justify them as defensive or preventive wars, however irritating the behavior of the House of Braganza, of Godoy, or of Alexander I may have been to Napoleon. In the same way it is very hard to believe that he was forced into war with England after the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens. A more pliable man, a man less obsessed with a sense of his own importance, might have maintained the peace until peace became a habit too hard to break, but a man of that sort would hardly have proclaimed himself First Consul for Life immediately before; in the same way it is obvious to us now that the monster who rose to power in Germany in the 1930s should never have been expected to act otherwise than to keep Europe in a turmoil as long as he lived.

So we need not concern ourselves with consideration of the theoretical point as to whether a peaceful Napoleon would have maintained himself in

power by the aid of his efficiency of administration and his repression of liberal tendencies; it is no concern of ours as to whether in that case the dynasty of Bonaparte would have ended eventually in some revolution comparable with those of 1830 and 1848. By war Napoleon lived, whether he was inwardly or outwardly compelled to live like that, and by war he fell. So that how he came to fall and whether his fall could have been averted are purely military questions.

Napoleon inherited a magnificent fighting instrument. Even in 1796, when he assumed his first independent command, he took over an army with a long experience of war. The French army by that time had already originated — or at least had first put into practical use — the divisional system, which led to flexibility and ease of handling. It had accustomed itself to endure the privations and the consequent losses which were the price paid for mobility. It had developed out of its original indiscipline the system of employing its masses tactically behind a dense screen of skirmishers which defeated so many Continental armies trained in the school of Frederick the Great. It had a staff, and divisional generals, already of great experience in war, and which had been sifted out by the brutal methods of the French Revolution, so that all the grossly unfit had gone to the guillotine or retired into private life. Of all the twenty-six marshals of the Empire there is not one who can be named who was not at least a general of brigade by the time Napoleon assumed power in 1799.

The army had a successful organization, a successful system of tactics, a successful galaxy of subordinate commanders, and a tradition already deep-rooted of dash and heroism. With this instrument Napoleon proceeded to win a remarkable series of victories, and he made his own contribu-

tions — many of them — to the formula for victory. The cavalry screen; the strategic advance guard of all arms; the retention of freedom of maneuver against an enemy already fixed or distracted; the remorseless concentration, both strategical and tactical, of strength at the important point — all these and many more were employed by Napoleon with an originality of thought and a resolution in execution that made them appear to be original conceptions, and many of them were.

With inferior numbers he won great victories; with superior numbers he won great victories; by his own vast personal activity as well as by his ingenuity and resourcefulness he achieved great results with the means at his hand. He won the victories; the fact that these derived much of their decisiveness from the rottenness of the governments that opposed him (in this connection 1805 and 1806 on the one hand may be profitably compared with 1940 on the other) does not make them any the less victories. Nor does it detract from his victories that many of them were won over men of inferior caliber. That is a relative and not an absolute standard — Napoleon was victorious over the generals who opposed him, over the Archduke Charles and Bennigsen as well as over Mack and Kalkreuth and the Spanish Junta. If some of the victories that he won were not as politically final — the Moscow, for instance, and all the Spanish victories — it might be said that the blame should be laid on Napoleon the politician and not upon Napoleon the soldier. The general who wins the victory has done all that his government can ask of him; if the victory turns out to be eventually unprofitable it appears that it is the government and not the general who should be blamed.

2

A NATION, to be successful, should change its tactics every ten years, said Napoleon, and without doubt the tactics of the French army varied considerably during the period of the Empire — Austerlitz and Wagram serve as two good examples. But then allowance has to be made for the fact that Austerlitz was fought with a disciplined army fresh from the training camps of the Channel coast, and Wagram with an army hastily raised to replace its predecessor, which (such of it as had survived the Prussian and Polish campaigns) was now deeply committed in Spain. Whether the undisciplined hordes which were sent swarming forward at Wagram would have gone into action in that particular manner if they had been as susceptible to good handling as the army of Austerlitz is much more doubtful. We have Wellington's word for it, when he was describing Waterloo: "They came on in the same old way, and we sent them back in the same old way"; and Wellington's experience of French tactics extended continuously

back to Vimeiro all of seven years before. No close student of the military history of the period can be in any doubt that the tactics of the French army for a dozen years or more only changed as far as the deterioration of the troops, in training and in morale, made changes unavoidable. Even the steady growth in the proportion of artillery employed was a deplorable necessity (in Napoleon's eyes) brought about by the increasing lack of steadiness of the infantry.

The Continental armies changed their tactics, but in the same direction and for the same reasons as the French. Their hastily raised masses could not be trusted to maneuver and fight in line as Frederick's battalions had done. The defeats they had suffered during the early years of the French Revolutionary Wars at the hands of the superior numbers and amateurish enthusiasm of the French conscript armies shook their faith in their original system; moreover the losses they suffered were so heavy and the forces raised later were so large that the proportion of veterans was too low to keep the regiments steady in line. So we find Prussian and Austrian armies making use of a tactical system similar to the French, with skirmish lines pouring forward in hordes and the main body of infantry perforce employed in large masses good perhaps for a single assault but liable to dissolve into an uncontrollable mob in the face of serious opposition. Confusion, mass panic, and wholesale skulking were to be found among Continental armies as well as among the French when they joined in battle; and Napoleon, with his vast experience of Continental battlefields and his astonishing ability to judge the tensions of a battle, was usually able — as 1814 showed, and Ligny especially — to win even in face of superior numbers.

On the other hand the British army adhered to its linear tactics. Its deplorable experiences in the early Revolutionary Wars were not of such a nature as to shake their faith in their system, and the victories they won — at Alexandria and Maida and on countless battlefields of India — went far, on the contrary, to confirm it. In Wellington they had a general of intellectual capacity, of remarkable ingenuity and resource, and of a flexibility of mind astonishing in one of his antecedents. He saw how to make best use of the British infantry and he had the resolution and moral courage to put his theories into practice. The result was that the British army advanced from victory to victory, and the French army fell back into defeat after defeat. The greatest of the marshals — Masséna, Soult, Victor, Ney — all had failed before the British infantry long before Napoleon encountered them. The French had gone forward to the attack, at Busaco and Sorauren, dealing exactly the same kind of hammer blows as had shaken down empires at Austerlitz and Jena, and they had fallen back in ruin. At Albuera and Salamanca they had seen the

rative of your experiences: your day-to-day life in the trenches; the kind of men you served with; the hardships and dangers you shared together. Don't try to be 'literary.' Write as you would if you were telling of your experiences in letters to a friend. And don't leave out any touches of humor. Life in the trenches cannot be all sheer tragedy, and readers will want to know the lighter side of it as well."

"How many articles would you want?" I asked.

"One to start with. I can speak more definitely about others when I've seen what you can do."

Instead of walking on air as I left the *Atlantic* office, I was in a more than sober frame of mind. How could I accept Mr. Sedgwick's generous offer even though, as he had said, it might mark the beginning of a literary career for me? I knew my failings too well to believe that I could sit down and rattle off at high speed a story of my experiences. Besides, I was going home and wanted to spend all the time I had with my family, particularly with my father. And so I left for Iowa, trying to put out of mind all thought of the future save the happy prospect immediately before me of spending Christmas at home.

When the festivities of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were over, I shut myself in my room with the feeling that I had no time to lose. My parents and the other members of the family knew nothing of my plans. They believed that I was out of the army for good, and I lacked the courage to tell them the truth. But I had, of course, told them of my commission from the *Atlantic Monthly* and they were pleased as only one's family can be. Even my brother Harvey was impressed; at last the woodshed poet seemed to be making some progress.

I had the article finished well before the month was ended. I sent it at once to Mr. Sedgwick and received a wire from him a few days later: "First article excellent. Send more."

At last I really was launched on the long-wished-for literary career. Nevertheless, I knew what my immediate reply to Mr. Sedgwick should have been: "Very sorry, but must return to service in France. May be able to send further articles from there." But I decided to go on with *Kitchener's Mob*, the book I was writing, and finish it before spring.

Never have I spent so miserable a winter as the one of early 1916. My conscience gave me no peace. I knew that I should not be sitting at home writing about the war, but that my duty was to return to France to my comrades in the 9th R.F. I kept in constant touch with them by letter and so knew what was taking place at the front. Nothing, from the War Office point of view, was happening; it was a continued story of boredom and misery, with the trench lines just where they had been in the autumn, with endless processions of working parties strengthening them at night, adding suc-

cessive lines of support trenches. "And the Jerries are doing the same," one of my comrades wrote. "It looks to me as though both sides will be stuck in the mud here for years to come." Scarcely a letter received but contained news of comrades killed, and I wondered whether, by the time I returned, there would be any of them left.

Meanwhile, I was asked to give a talk at the Methodist church about my experiences in France. The church was packed on the evening when I did so. It was my first public appearance at home since the night when I graduated from high school and clung so grimly to the opening lines of my oration: "One hundred years ago the morning broke. . . ." The faces looking up at me appeared to be the same, except that my brother Harvey was not in the second row as he had been on that memorable night. I had no memorized speech to deliver on this occasion. I merely talked, simply and informally, with no attempt to preach the duty of the U.S.A. with respect to the war. I had the feeling that my audience considered me as something of a curiosity — a Colfax boy who had joined the British Army. Whatever for? In those days which now seem so remote, Iowans, like the folk of the Middle West generally, took little interest in European affairs. The war was no concern of ours. If the countries of Europe could not take an example from the great peaceful U.S.A., let them stew in their own juice.

That talk was a complete failure except as entertainment. I had hoped to arouse these old friends and neighbors — to give them a clear idea of what war meant and of the courage of the men who were fighting it — but I did not succeed. It was all too far away, too remote from their own experience. I related the incident of the rainy autumn evening when the trenches were reduced to a series of mud-holes and the man fell into the hole of waist-deep water near our gun position.

"Na, then, matey! Bathin' in our private pool without a permit?"

"Grease aht of it, son! That's our tea water you're a-standin' in."

There was a general ripple of laughter at this, as there might have been had I told a funny story about "Pat and Mike." They failed to see its significance as an illustration of the kind of spirit which kept English soldiers going and enabled them to accept whatever situation with a kind of wry humor which is beyond praise.

I can count on the fingers of one hand the times in my life when I have given way to deep anguish of spirit, and this night was one of them. The reason for it is still somewhat obscure to me, but I believe the underlying cause was the outburst of amused laughter which greeted the story just mentioned. I kept control of my feelings until I ended my talk, and for fifteen or twenty minutes afterward while answering questions. Then I managed

to slip away down the alley leading to the depot. There was not a soul in the station. I sat by the potbellied soft-coal stove in the Gents' waiting room, and what happened then I will pass over. The reason must have been that I felt such a renegade, sitting behind a "Wilson machine gun" at home when I knew I should be with my comrades in France. Then, as I got control of myself, I heard the whistle of Number Six far away to the west, and went out to the station platform to see the brilliant headlight I remembered so well lighting the track down the Mitchellville grade.

I walked forlornly home and up to my room where the sheets of my *Kitchener's Mob* manuscript were scattered on the table and on the floor beside it. I sat at the table, chin in hands, staring at vacancy. On a shelf near by lay the little packet of letters I had received from my C Company comrades, the pages soiled with the mud of the trenches. I had read and reread them until I knew them almost by heart. "Little Willy Gunn was killed last week. You'll know how we miss him" . . . "Joe Hammond got his, a piece of shell-casing through the head. Good old Joe! The best mouth-organ player in the Company" . . . "Bobby Windle had a wonderful piece of luck. He got a Blighty one, a dose of shrapnel in the back. He's out of this mudhole for the rest of the winter, anyway."

It was on this same night that I wrote: —

RETURN TO FLANDERS

Hearing the voice, as in a dream
He rose and followed. Nothing stirred
Save that the air was ringing still
With the call he'd heard.

Before him stretched a level land
Where it was neither night nor day;
How forlorn, how desolate
No words could say.

Along a road, what had been trees,
Though dead, seemed begging still to die.
That evil place seemed very heaven.
He knew not why.

Musing, he stood, as still as stone;
Then, in a flash, his body knew
And cried in anguish: "What is this
You make me do?"

Little could his body guess
Why spirit found that stricken plain
So beautiful, or why it said,
"Home! Home again!"

This was a chapter in my *Kitchener's Mob* experience that I would have liked to send to Mr. Sedgwick: it told more of the meaning of true comradeship than I could have said in a book of prose. But he had not asked for verse, and it was not until

many years after, in 1932, that I submitted and he published the poem. At the time, few readers would have understood what I was trying to explain.

15

AT LONG last, five months after my discharge from the British Army, I was ready to return to England. While making preparations for leaving, Mr. Sedgwick asked me to dinner at his home on Beacon Hill. Mr. Sedgwick said that he had another writing project in mind for me if I cared to accept it. He wanted two or three articles for the *Atlantic* concerning the Escadrille Lafayette, a squadron of American volunteer airmen serving with the French, which had recently been placed on active duty at the front.

I accepted Mr. Sedgwick's generous offer with alacrity. I had been deeply interested in flying since the summer of 1909 when I had seen the monoplane in which Blériot had crossed the Channel on exhibition at Selfridge's store in London. And in 1911 or 1912 — I've forgotten which year it was — I attended what was, I believe, the first aviation meet ever held in the U.S.A., at Squantum, Massachusetts.

At the time of my arrival in Paris the Lafayette Squadron was being transferred from an airfield near Bar-le-Duc in the Verdun sector to one near Luxeuil in the Vosges, and I had the good fortune to meet some of the pilots who had a day or two of leave while the transfer was being made. Paul Rockwell, of Asheville, North Carolina, who, with his brother, Kiffin, had crossed to France in August, 1914, to enlist as volunteer infantrymen in the Foreign Legion, had been wounded in the desperate fighting in the early months of the war and had been invalided out of the service. When I arrived in France he was in charge of the Paris bureau of the *Chicago Daily News*. With Paul Rockwell I formed an immediate friendship, and it was thanks to him that I had an opportunity to meet some of the pilots.

Then Paul suggested that I see Dr. Edmund L. Gros, an American who had lived long in Paris and was one of the heads of the American Ambulance Service. Dr. Gros was the warm friend of all the American volunteers serving with the French, whether as infantrymen, ambulance drivers, or airmen. I explained briefly to Dr. Gros about my service in the British Army and my commission from the *Atlantic Monthly*. He listened quietly while I was telling him this; then he said, "Do you feel obliged to re-enlist as an infantryman in the British Army? Why not join up as an airman with your compatriots over here?"

I stared blankly at him. I heard his words, but their significance did not come home to me for a moment or two. "As an airman! You mean, it would be possible to do this?"

"Why not?" Dr. Gros replied.

Three days later, ex-private 690 Royal Fusiliers had become EV (Engagé Volontaire) 11921 in the Aviation Section of the French Foreign Legion. In my confused state of mind there was only one thing I was certain of: "*pour la durée de la guerre*" would mean just that. No more "home leave."

At that time double controls were not used in training pursuit pilots, or *pilotes de chasse* as the French call them. Apparently the French authorities believed a man should learn to fly without help if he was to make a good pursuit pilot. Although it was rather an alarming experience at first for the novice, he gained confidence as he proceeded and was proud of the fact that he learned to fly on his own with no more assistance than what his instructors gave him before he left the ground.

Our first sorties were made in what were called "Penguins" — Blériots with clipped wings which could not rise from the ground, and with 25-horsepower engines. In these we learned to make straight-line runs across the field, and as soon as this simple maneuver was mastered we were promoted to the next class, using full-winged Blériots with 35-horsepower engines in which we rose to a height of fifty feet or more, flying across the field and coming down on even keel, so to speak, by "coupé-contact," at the far side of the field. Then came the pique class, in which we flew at an altitude of one or two hundred feet and, cutting off the motor, dived for a landing, straightening out when only a few feet from the ground. Following this came the *tour-de-piste* class, in which the young birdman made the five-mile circumference of the field at an altitude of three or four hundred feet; and when he had done this for the first time without cracking up on landing, he was at the peak of felicity. Life, he thought, had no other experience to offer which could possibly equal that one.

Then came an hour's endurance flight at a height of two thousand meters, and two cross-country flights of sixty kilometers or thereabout. The crowning glory before he received his wings as a brevetted pilot was a three-point cross-country flight, landing at air fields about one hundred kilometers apart to fill his gas tank, and a return to his home field.

When I see a pursuit plane of 1950, its huge instrument panel covered with scores of gadgets, and think of our little Blériots, Caudrons, Nieuports, Morane Parasols, and Spads, I realize how fortunate a man was who learned to fly thirty-five years ago. The conquest of the air was then so recent, and the glory, the wonder of it was still fresh in everyone's mind. Our instruments were few indeed: a compass, an altimeter, a revolution-counter, an oil-pressure gauge, and sometimes a wind gauge. Our engines could not be depended on, and in a pursuit plane we could carry only enough gas for a two-hour flight; but every pilot felt a personal affection for his little ship which I doubt is felt by the pursuit

pilots of today. Furthermore, we were not in enclosed cockpits, but in the open air where we could enjoy our flights at from 80 to 125 miles per hour and really see the country over which we flew.

One of my earliest experiences with the squadron was, certainly, the most embarrassing. While in training I had written a letter home describing some of the pleasures of learning to fly, and — by a slip of the pen, surely — I added to my account: "I know, now, why birds sing." A part of this letter got into the local paper and was copied into some city paper — anything that had to do with flying was copy in those days. Well, some friend in America of one of the pilots saw this, cut out the item, and sent it to him; and the latter — I believe it was Kenneth Marr — read it aloud at the squadron mess. I never did live it down. In 1950 I was spending a few days in New York City, and a dozen old Lafayette Corps men living in or near New York got together for a reunion. We had not met in more than thirty years, and spent a delightful evening living over the old days in France. Henry Jones, who looks scarcely older than he did when we were flying together, except that he is now completely bald, lifted his glass to me and said: "Tweet, tweet, Jimmy! I know why birds sing."

16

ONE of my earliest adventures in the air happened only a few days after I joined the squadron. Our airfield was at Chaudun, a village not far from Soissons, on the Aisne. The front in that sector was quiet at the time and routine patrols were in order: one high patrol daily at an altitude of from 3000 to 5000 meters, and one low patrol at 3500 meters and below. I went out on high patrol with four other planes. As we passed over the lines, I was so intent upon looking down over the vast extent of country, with its complicated systems of trenches stretching away as far as the eye could reach, that I lost my companions. Looking up presently, I found myself alone. It was my business, of course, to keep my eye upon the flight leader, not his to look out for possible stragglers.

I felt more than remiss and searched the sky for sight of the others, but our little ships flying at from 100 to 125 miles per hour could quickly vanish. We were flying 4000 meters above scattered masses of cumulus clouds. While seeking my flight, I saw the sky blossoming with blobs of blue smoke from explosions of French antiaircraft shells not more than two or three miles distant and a little below my altitude. Flying in that direction, I saw a German two-seater with its black crosses not more than a thousand feet below me. My pulse speeded up a bit. By chance I was in perfect position for attack with the sun directly behind me. "Lord!" I thought, "can it be that I am going to have a fight and a possible victory so soon after

arriving at the front?" Quickly I looked behind and above and all around me for the presence of other planes but saw none. And there was the Boche all unsuspecting, flying quietly on.

It was a photographic plane. I could see the man in the rear cockpit, his machine gun pointing idly at the sky while he was busy with his camera. I throttled down, descending toward him in a shallow glide. I got him directly in my sights and slipped my forefinger through the trigger guard on my control stick. I couldn't have missed. The plane looked huge as I approached and I could plainly see the pilot and the photographer all unconscious of their danger. And then . . . I didn't shoot. I nearly collided with the German and pulled up on my stick just in time to zoom over him at a distance of not more than twenty-five meters. As I veered I saw the photographer spring for his gun, and then the plane vanished as though it had melted into the air. When I turned again it was gone, probably into one of the masses of white cloud below us.

Why did I fail to take this superb chance for a victory during my first week at the front as an airman? I don't know. Perhaps without my realizing it, my mind was functioning apart from my body saying, "And yet . . . on the other hand . . ." until the chance was missed. When I returned to the airport without having found my patrol I was given a well-deserved dressing-down for having lost contact with the others. But this was mild compared with what it would have been had Captain Thénault known the truth. I did report having seen a German photographic plane, but said that I had lost it in the clouds. It was a poor beginning for a so-called pursuit pilot.

Not a week later I learned to my cost that Germans have no scruples about shooting a sitting duck even with the odds seven to one in their favor. Patrols for the day were over and the sun was near to setting when eight Lafayette men went out to the hangars to "show off" before some visitors from the American Air Service. I was one of them and felt keenly the honor of having been chosen for this exhibition patrol. We were to go out to the lines, patrol our sector for half an hour, and return to the field in time to land before dark, and every pilot hoped there might be some action to report when we came back. I was then flying one of the older planes, a 140-horsepower Spad with a rebuilt engine. My mechanics had trouble in getting the engine to function properly, and the others left without me. I was in a fret of impatience until I heard the heartening roar of the engine. Quickly I climbed into the cockpit, fastened my seat belt, and adjusted my goggles, and off I went just as the sun was setting.

I flew along the lines for a quarter of an hour, perhaps, and then I spied my patrol — at least I

thought it was mine — about five kilometers inside the German lines. I counted seven machines — five of them well grouped, a sixth several hundred meters above the others, and a seventh several hundred below. I turned in their direction at once. It was getting dusk and as I approached I lost sight of the plane lowest down; he was approaching at exactly my altitude and it is difficult to see a plane in that position, particularly in fading light. Suddenly he loomed up directly in front of me, firing as he came. His tracer bullets were going by on the left side but he corrected his aim and my motor seemed to be eating them up. As I banked to the right I felt a smashing blow in my left shoulder accompanied by a peculiar sensation as though it had been thrust through by a white-hot iron. Blood was trickling into my eyes so that I could scarcely see and my flying-goggles were hanging down over my ears in two parts; they had been cut through at the nosepiece. I have never been certain of this, but I don't believe I fired a single shot; after the bullet that creased my forehead I couldn't see anything to shoot at. There followed a vacant period that I can't fill in, but when it passed I realized that I was in a kind of half-*vrille* — spinning nose dive — with my motor going full speed.

I have no slightest recollection of the crash; I might have fallen as gently as an autumn leaf. When I came to, it was at once, completely. I was on a stretcher and remembered immediately what had happened. My heart was going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, but I felt no sensation of pain. This made me think I must have been badly crushed. I tried moving first one leg, then the other; then my arms, my head, my body. No trouble at all except with my left arm.

I accepted this miracle without trying to explain it, for I had something more important to wonder about: who had the handles of my stretcher? I opened my eyes and saw nothing at first but a red blur. I wiped them dry with my right sleeve and looked again. The broad back in front of me was covered with caked mud. It was impossible to discover the color of the tunic, but the shrapnel helmet on the man's head was French.

I spent several days in an evacuation hospital near the lines, and then, thanks to Dr. Gros, I was sent to the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris. Although I tried to conceal the fact, I felt melancholy indeed to have been shot down so soon after my arrival at the front, and my conscience hurt me because I had failed to take advantage of the wonderful chance I'd had to bag the German photographic plane. It was said that the average annual cost of keeping one pursuit plane in service at the front was 300,000 francs, and I felt more than ever guilty, remembering that I had not paid even one franc on the debt I owed to France for my training in aviation.

(To be concluded)

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WILLIAM G. PERRY, JR., and CHARLES P. WHITLOCK are Directors of the Bureau of Study Counsel at Harvard University. Their aim is to help students help themselves; they work, as they say, on the receiving end of education, listening as the undergraduates describe the problems — and reading is certainly one of them — which determine how much education really takes place. In the clinic 300 students consult individually with them in the course of a year, and in their reading classes over 3000 have enrolled during the past five years, including graduate students and members of the faculty.

THE RIGHT TO READ RAPIDLY

by WILLIAM G. PERRY, JR., and CHARLES P. WHITLOCK

I

AND," read Sammy, carefully forming each word after the manner teachers seemed to approve, "... and the big wolf was dis-g-runt-ld."

"The big *gray* wolf, Sammy."

"The big *gray* wolf. What does —"

"Very good, Sammy, you only made one mistake on the whole page this time. And now, Margaret —"

"But what does —"

"No questions now, Sammy, we have to go on. I want everybody to read one page today. Now, Margaret —"

Perhaps your school days were old-fashioned enough for you to recognize this scene. Of course no modern teacher would let this happen — except on her "bad days." In any case we shall return to Sammy, hoping he will be somehow familiar.

What we want to talk about is the business of reading faster. We shall not be talking about "remedial" reading, the treatment of severe reading disabilities, but about what the specialists now call "developmental" reading — the training of normally slow-to-moderate readers, such as you may feel yourself to be, in more advanced reading skill.

Nearly everyone is impatient with his reading rate. Our own impatience has given us a special interest in the field, and it is one of our diversions to teach a short course in the art of rapid reading to college students, with the dubious reward of seeing many of them outperform us on standard reading tests.

The demand for this kind of training is astonishing, not only in college, where even professors apply, but at the executive level in government bureaus, in industry, and in the armed services. You have probably read about these courses in

"speed reading" and about the ingenious mechanical devices employed — the Rapid-o-Readers, the Flash-o-Scopes (we hope there are no such names), and our own Harvard Reading Films. Perhaps you hope some day to take such a course.

Some of these courses are modest, considered, and helpful. Others are neither modest nor considered; that even these seem often to be helpful should suggest much of interest about reading skills.

Let us examine one of the less considered. "The Ortho-Visual and Speed-Reading Institute" offers to train you out of your pedestrian ways (with due regard for comprehension) and the program is plausible in its simplicity. Everyone knows nowadays that a reader's eye does not sweep across a line but jerks across in little stops, and that the seeing is done in the stops, which take time. The Institute's machines, however, will train you to see more words at a glance, will broaden your "span" so that you may make fewer stops (as good readers do) and so increase your speed. The machines will also train you out of that awful habit of "regressing," of looking back constantly at things you missed.

All this is sound in its way, and based on respectable studies of what good and poor readers actually do with their eyes. Furthermore, if you take the course you will be pleased at your improvement in seeing more letters and numbers at each flash of the machine, and you will probably improve your reading.

But if we should test you before you take this course, you would find that when looking at ordinary *meaningful phrases*, you can already see three or four words at a time in a flash of one fiftieth of a second. This means that, with time allowed for movement from stop to stop, your eyes are already equipped to read at between 3000 and 10,000

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words per minute. Even if we cut these figures in half, as an easy concession to plausibility, we can still ask you to explain why you are not reading this article at over 1000 words per minute. It is not your eyes that are holding you back. The chances are that you are not reading above 350 words per minute. Perhaps we should change the subject. Up until now we have been talking about reading as if it went on between the eye and the paper, and everyone could be enthusiastic about improving it. Now our attention is reaching back of the eyeball, and you are embarrassed, and we are embarrassed.

At this point there is no use pretending to be technical. When we get back of the eyeball in reading, the scientists present us with many intriguing problems and no answers. "Seeing," "perceiving," "comprehending," "learning," are words which apply to some continuous neural process at which we can only wonder. No one knows how meaning is constructed; no one even knows why some fast readers report that they can gather meaning directly from "seeing" the words while most of the rest of us feel that we have to "say" or "hear" the words to comprehend them. Nor do the scientists know anything about the neural determinants of mental speed. Perhaps the modern layman has been too ready to credit the scientific reading expert with knowing what he was talking about.

The nature of "comprehension" is of course the heart of the problem. The instructor in a speed-reading course recently reported, in a solemn statistical paper, the extraordinary gains among his pupils. One prize student, call him Mr. Brown, was reported to have improved from 150 words per minute to 1500 words per minute in three weeks, with 80 per cent comprehension. We searched for the material Mr. Brown had read on his tests. This was omitted from the brochure — perhaps for lack of space. The report did, however, include the questions on which Mr. Brown's comprehension score had been based, together with a key to the correct answers. We found that we too could score 80 per cent on these questions, without having read the test material at all. We have learned how most multiple-choice questions are made; so, apparently, has Mr. Brown.

We feel that Mr. Brown learned something much more important than this, and we shall return to it. We wish first to face some vital issues raised by this apparently disreputable incident.

Evidently "comprehension" in this case was what the testmaker thought it was when he made up the questions. The point we wish to make is that this is *always* so. It is so whether someone else is testing you or whether you are judging for yourself "what you got out of" reading something. What "comprehension" is, then, depends on the assumptions you make about the value of reading something at all. How shall we test your compre-

hension of the Gettysburg Address? Shall we ask you for the meaning of the word "dedicated"? Shall we ask you to state the "main idea" in "your own" words? Or shall we measure your pulse rate?

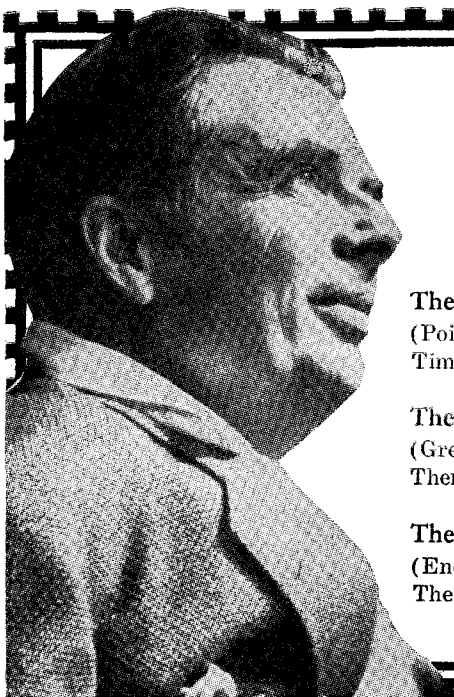
You will object that there must surely be respectable tests of just plain *reading*. Possibly, and yet in the best of them, "comprehension" is defined by the questions the tester chooses to ask. A useful reading test is supposed to distinguish "good" readers from "poor" readers, but we wager that we could construct an alternate set of questions, demonstrably accurate, which the "good" readers on the original test would answer incorrectly and the "poor" readers correctly. For example, Sammy in our opening paragraphs received a lesson in reading such that if he were asked to fill in the blank in the sentence "The wolf was ——" he would answer "gray," whereas a "good" reader might answer "disgruntled."

We are not saying that there are no standards. Though it is possible that Sammy's book might be read for the purpose of finding out the color of the wolf, most educated people would probably agree that for ordinary reading purposes it would be more important to know that the wolf was disgruntled. And despite a wide disagreement about what constitutes "comprehension" of a book like *Moby Dick*, educated men can probably agree about the meaning of most expository prose. This leads inevitably to the question: "Are testmakers educated?" That many of them are is no reason for relaxing a skeptical vigilance, for the educated man is now being defined by the tests, and soon education will appear in the tester's own image, just as "intelligence" does now.

We are saying that your reading habits tend to form around the image of what you expect to do with what you read — or that more likely they formed long ago around the image of what you felt you *were expected* to do. Unfortunately, once a habit is formed, let us say at Sammy's age, it tends to persist as a kind of assumption about one's relation to the printed page, instead of giving way to new methods for new purposes.

Now, if "comprehension" of, say, the Bible is defined differently, according to one's purposes, in a Sunday School, in a history course, in a literary discussion, in a religious crisis, or in an idle evening, what shall be said of reading "rate"? Obviously, the best of readers would vary his rate in these different contexts — possibly quite radically. In fact, this would be one of his distinguishing qualities as a good reader. In other words, "rate" cannot be reliably described, much less evaluated, in words-per-minute. The only real question is, "How rapidly are you getting what you want?" It is pretty hard to phrase an answer to this one, even when you know what you want.

We suspect that when many people complain



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about their rate, they mean that they usually spend more time with a book than the results are worth to them, or that they suspect that they are quite capable of getting the same results in half the time. Of course full capacity itself varies from person to person, and those of us whose best reading is less rapid than some others' best have reason for envy. But even the "lightning" reader cannot read all he "ought" to read, and even he must select and worry.

If both rate and comprehension are so relative to person, purpose, and materials, then a poet reading a poem, a chemist reading a professional paper, and a housewife reading a detective story are all quite properly engaged in radically different pursuits. In fact, you may have begun to wonder what is meant by the word "reading." Here you are in excellent company. Listen to Dr. Arthur E. Traxler, of the Educational Records Bureau, an expert among experts: "Specialists in the reading field think of 'reading' as anything from a set of more or less mechanical habits to something akin to the 'thinking' process itself. No one has yet been able to identify the components of reading comprehension. . . . Without a knowledge of these factors our tests of reading skill are mere shots in the dark." Now if the tests are shots in the dark, what about the "improvement" which is popularly demonstrated by them?

2

If we have succeeded in sharing with you our confusion on these technical problems, perhaps you will be willing to return with us to Sammy. There is something of Sammy in most of us. We picture him as a small child, bright and inquisitive. His parents had striven successfully to imbue him with the feeling that he was a "good" boy, and he had somehow deduced in the process that this was the only safe kind of boy to be. This notion, however, very quickly ran into conflict with his curiosity. His "whys" and "whats" irritated his elders, who sometimes even startled him by saying sharply, "Now stop it, Sammy, and don't ask questions about things like that." It was very clear that a good boy did not "find out," that he should wait until he was told.

When he went to school his teacher clinched this conviction by saying, "Now Sammy, if you'll just wait quietly I'll explain everything." When he learned to read he found that books were written by parent-teachers who told one things. And we have seen him learning the golden rule of "good boy" reading: "Never skip any words and don't ask questions."

Sammy was intelligent. As he went on in school he perceived another principle. He saw, without ever having to put it into words, that more moral value was put on whether reading was "done"

than upon its outcome. He saw that diligent readers were never scolded even when they didn't know the answers, whereas Aleck, who always seemed to know the answers without having "done the reading," was constantly scolded for not making the best use of his talents. Reading was clearly not a means to an end but a problem of conscience.

Now, since "good" reading required an obedient respect for the dictates of teachers and print, there was no place for his assertive and analytical impulses to go except into sports and gasoline engines. He was therefore much troubled by difficulties of concentration when reading anything but comics. He bewildered himself by periods of academic "laziness." Indeed, he had to drive himself to get through increasingly long assignments, and near his last year of school was discovered to be a "slow reader" with "short eye span." This was less of a surprise than a relief to him, because it explained so much.

We shall not pause to describe Sammy's eye movements. They are, of course, restricted by his assumptions about reading. He therefore cannot directly change them. When he tries to speed up, he becomes terrified of "missing something." Sammy feels that if he looks carefully at every word and misses the whole meaning he is somehow not to blame, but if he should miss some small thing by brazenly skipping it, the burden of responsibility would be overwhelming. He sometimes tries to read fast, and confirms his worst fears; since he is thinking of reading fast, not of getting meaning fast, he does in fact miss the meaning entirely.

When he then returns to looking at every word, to "absorbing" and "being told" rather than finding out, the slow drudgery challenges less than one half of his very good mind, and there is nothing for the other half to do but to go woolgathering. Of course it soon picks up a charming piece of wool and entices the first half into joining the fun. The sudden realization that he has "read" two whole pages without any comprehension at all is an experience common to the Sammy in each one of us.

There are other kinds of slowish readers besides Sammy; at another extreme the arguer, who battles every word and statement. He labors in the fear that through merely understanding the author's views he may involve himself unaware in some modification of his own. Perhaps he is fighting some long lost battle of early school years when one is not only required to learn something but is under constraint to believe it. Beyond these tendencies there are also more dramatic "disabilities" and "blocks," but this article is not about them. In our experience it is Sammy who is ubiquitous, with his assumption that Knowledge is to be passively absorbed, not found out and mastered. For him to judge, to select, and to discard (in short, to think) is to contend impiously with the gods of the



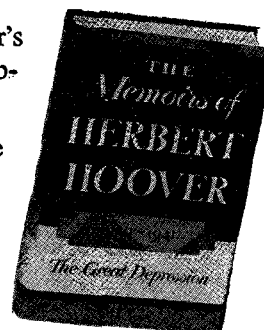
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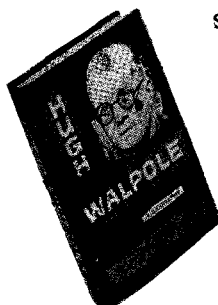
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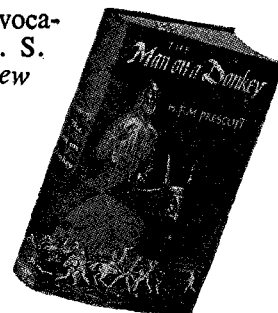
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printed Word — to “cut and slash” in a way which makes him feel exceedingly uncomfortable. As one student put it, “I wish I could read fast without feeling nasty — er — I mean nervous.”

But even the “great” books are not gods; they are tools. Often they are dull tools. Certainly they can never be any sharper than the wits with which we use them. Authors are often dry and discursive; they cannot see our nod of recognition, or catch the signs that would tell them we have guessed the direction of their argument. Instead they must go boorishly on with their monologue, justifying a point we are willing to concede, as no civilized man would do in conversation. If we could remember this, perhaps the Sammy in us would take heart.

Yet to read well we need not bolster our nerve. In bold reading a legitimate contempt is more discriminating than a false courage. What we need is not patience, either, but impatience — the impatience that forces us to consider what we are reading for and to read *for it*. Only in impatience with wasted time will we invest the initial effort to establish the center of energy in our own heads rather than leave it somewhere in the book with the hope that the author will somehow be “stimulating.” Interest in most informational reading is born from our own commitment to our purpose, and it is a rare author whose art we can rely on to tease us from page to page. Concentration is not achieved by nobly renouncing a tendency to think of other things, by “keeping thoughts out”; it is a by-product of having a goal that challenges the whole mind. If our goal be knowledge, it is good to remember that knowledge is ours only when we can think it for ourselves, not when we have merely “understood” while someone else thought it. Knowledge is not something we absorb; it is something we do.

3

THE job, then, is to help Sammy change his mind so that he may change his ways. This is usually quite feasible. One can do it for oneself, once one gets the idea, or one can get some concentrated practice in a good reading course.

The advantage of a good course is not that it does the job for you, which it cannot, but only that it presents useful materials and those constant checks which assist in the growth of confidence. Such a course focuses not on the reading of good literature, which is a separate problem, but on general informational reading. It provides exercises in analysis and opportunities for radical self-assertion — binges of skimming, gambles in guessing whole paragraphs from their opening words, and scandalous revelations of the long-winded hypocrisy of most conventional prose. Probably the course will offer enough really difficult passages to re-

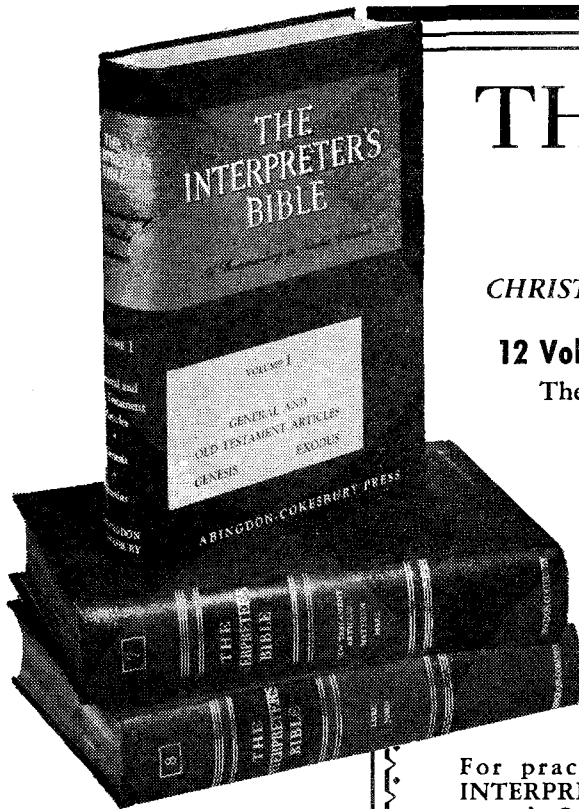
assure you that you are not being led down a primitive path.

Our students often rise in wrath midway through our course and accuse us. One cried, “I see what you’re doing! You’re trying to get us to think while we read! But suppose we think something the author doesn’t think, or something the teacher doesn’t think. What will happen to us then?” Unfortunately there is much reason in this extraordinary wail. A college professor, like any human being, has his bias, and a wise student respects it. Even in the most liberal colleges a few still reject the slightest deviation from the wording of the book. The student’s error lay not so much in his cynicism, which was not our business at the moment, but in his assumption that mastering an author’s reasoning demanded a total suspension of his own. What he had to learn was that only by direct comparison with his own reasoning, prejudices, or guesswork could he perceive what the author was saying at all.

We almost forgot: the course may also include practice with machines. We seem to be in a poor way, after all this talk, to justify the use of machines. They would seem only to confirm Sammy in his delusion that reading goes on “out there,” and that he is simply to follow along, or that if he could only get the right eye-movements. . . . But this distortion need follow only if the teacher is himself deluded, or is so insecure that he sets the machine in the center of his course. In its proper place a really good reading gadget can be very useful, especially those which stretch the pace of the reader on regular consecutive reading and then let him discover by a rigorous check that he can do better than he had thought. Such games as this can be great fun and a useful antidote to the tradition that good reading, like all good things, can be learned only in pain.

The best of these devices may also provide some training in the more mechanical processes of reading. Once Sammy is liberated at heart, they may help him work up undeveloped skills in visual selection and in the coordination of eye and brain. We have said only that to start with such training is as useless as to suggest to someone who labors under the necessity of touching every picket in a picket fence that he let one touch stand for three.

We have talked so much about selection and skipping that we must face up to the charge of recommending superficiality. We are really against it. But we do not believe it can be avoided by Sammy’s efforts at thoroughness. Instead we believe the gains reported for “Mr. Brown” are the first essential step out of the quagmire of Sammy’s own superficiality. We like to think of Mr. Brown with his tongue in his cheek and a conviction of having got his money’s worth. We tell our students about him at the outset of our course, and as they laugh we ask them to stop and consider. May



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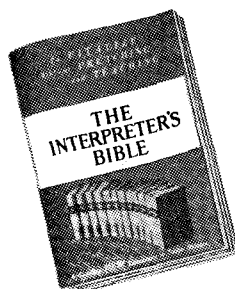
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he not have discovered the foundation of all reading skill: the confidence to dismiss the trivial? The questions used in the tests of his reading suggest that the material itself was not worth reading, just as the questions were not worth answering. Let us concede that Mr. Brown was getting nothing whatever out of such reading whether he read slowly or fast. His gains were therefore great. He learned how to get nothing out of such reading in one-tenth the time it previously took him to get nothing out of it.

The capacity to get nothing out of useless material without exhausting one's time and attentive energy in the process is a prerequisite, in these days, to the attentive and energetic comprehension of passages which really matter. It takes a bit of practice for Sammy to develop this capacity, which includes the capacity to determine which passage is which. Selection is fundamental to thoroughness, and selection requires some fast and independent thinking.

For students who have attained this capacity we hope some day to develop an advanced course in rapid reading (measured in important ideas per hour) in which we tackle only a single paragraph per day. At present we refer such students to Professor I. A. Richards' book *How to Read a Page*. Of course the understanding of great literature is still another problem, and for this we refer our students to life, to books, and to their courses in literary criticism.

We have not meant to imply that all reading must be energetic. Surely there is a value in lolling, in immersing, and in reverie. Much of what we learn from a good book happens we know not how. Yet when we select our companions for lolling, there is still reason for standards and room for indignation.

This brings us to end with a heartening anecdote. We find it heartening, and feel it sums up what we

have tried to say. Perhaps it shows that schools are better than they were, or perhaps simply that whatever problems its young heroine may meet in later life they will not be those of reading comprehension. If it says more, it must speak for itself.

We were once called upon to advise a parent-teacher association of an up-and-coming school on the matter of training good readers for college. We emphasized the skills of judgment and selection, and argued that one must give students not just preselected good books but also bad books so that they may have something to discard. We knew this was quixotic advice, practicable only in the last year of school if at all, for it is hard enough to keep children supplied with one book on a subject, to say nothing of six. But the school was way ahead of us, as so many schools are way ahead of experts. We received shortly a letter from the principal. It ran like this:—

DEAR SIRs:

We were glad to have you make the points you made before the association. We have been trying to persuade our parent group of these matters for years and it is very helpful to receive support from outside.

We think you may value an account of an incident which occurred since your visit. The fourth-graders happened to be studying the ancient Hebrew civilization, using the Old Testament as source material. In keeping with the principles you so ably described, the teacher also supplied other books, among them some of those watered-down children's rewrites of the Bible stories. One nine-year-old girl, who seems to have read her Old Testament stories understandingly, perused one of these books and promptly requested to be given back the Bible. The teacher inquired into the pupil's reasons.

"Well," said the girl indignantly, "this book is no good. It says here that Delilah was Samson's wife, and Delilah was not Samson's wife, she was just his very good friend."



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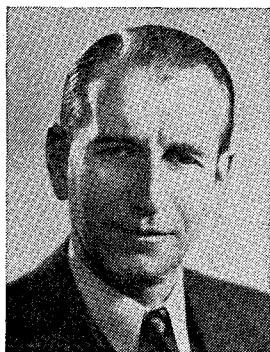
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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I HAVE envied but never acquired the habit of the daily diarist. This I regret, for an editor is involved in a network of human relations, and the nature of his calling admits to intimacy as deep and varied as that of the family doctor. I pride myself on having the memory of an elephant, and someday perhaps I can get the brightest of my recollections down in print before they blur.

Meantime I do keep a spasmodic diary of expeditions to the woods and streams. Some of the entries, as of my surf-casting for striped bass (100 hours of fishing for each striper beached is a fair estimate), are monotonously brief. Others, of our trout trip to Nova Scotia or our ten days fishing for salmon on the Northwest Miramichi, are chronicles (complete except for the last day) relating something of the anticipation, the family banter, the setbacks and the unexpected — records my mind will return to in the vacancies of winter. With these each year I keep a list of Wild Life Seen with the naked eye and without the aid of field glasses.

The list is usually headed by the white-throated sparrow, the herald of the Canadian woods, whose call is the first you hear as you follow the guide up the tote road to camp. Then, when I am in luck, there will be at least one reference to an eagle. This year I saw a superb golden eagle — saw him first (through glasses) perched like a sentinel on the gaunt dead tree above his nest on a high shoulder in the Dartmouth Grants; saw him closer, winging no more than 25 yards overhead, as we pulled our canoe in off the Dead Diamond at dusk. Always there is the spruce partridge, the fool hen, shooing her chicks off the path like a distracted housewife, or eying you in supposed concealment as she sits in full view on her spruce stump.

Her brisker cousin the ruffed grouse is a lady of quality. One morning last July, finding that

I had left my dry flies in camp, I came hurrying down the trail from Basin Pool. I had left my rod with my wife and Howard our guide, and was armed only with my light rainproof jacket, which I had in my hand. I was traveling quietly, and it was not until I was right beside the spring hole that I was heard and seen by the family of baby partridges who set up an anguish of piping. Up the trail like an arrow came the hen. There wasn't time for any broken-wing decoy, and in fury she drove at my legs. I retreated, and using my windbreaker as a cape in the best Belmonte style, I diverted her to one side. Back she came in another rush, and again the cape turned her aside. Meanwhile I was talking to her in what I intended to be a cajoling tone of voice. Seeing that his wife was still alive, the cock now appeared, and he was something to look at with his scarlet eye and his black and white ruff. They joined forces, and although I had never heard of an angler being pecked to death, it seemed as if this might turn out to be the first time.

"Don't be silly," I kept saying, as I warded them off with the windbreaker, "I am not going to hurt you. Get along into the woods."

The chicks had already scurried uphill and at last the parents followed. But the mother still wasn't sure. She paused for a moment on a dead log as if to launch herself on one last assault. "Go on, old lady," I said, "you're a good girl."

The kingfisher denouncing our invasion of his water; the night hawk swooping for insects over the Home Pool after sunset; the trees from which the bear has torn the bark in his search for grubs; the moose prints in the beaver marsh; the snowshoe hare with their lugubrious feet; the little brown bear in George's trap, and Alma, George's daughter, crying, "Kill him quickly, Daddy! Kill him quickly!"; the doe that comes down across the river for her evening salad; the raven devouring a grilse which had been stranded in a shallow pool — these are incidents common enough in any forest which one from the suburbs travels far to see. The pity of it is that one has to travel farther and farther to find such secret places. The jeep, the plane, and the ever-extending roads are penning the wild life into smaller and smaller pockets.

After the spell of New Brunswick I return to our country cottage, only twenty-seven miles from the center of Boston, with a new sense of companionship. I counted myself lucky to be on hand when a hawk which sometimes scours our woods was set

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THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS SINCE 1837



upon by a pack of irate small birds; the bully shed feathers in his hurried retreat and I have one of them in my fishing hat. I work hard to catch a glimpse of the raccoon family who frequent our back porch in search of bacon fat and leave their thanks in their tiny greasy fingerprints on the steps. From a cellar window at dusk I can watch father raccoon lift the lid of our garbage container and lower himself to reach the bag of lobster scraps he craves.

I enjoy the gray squirrel scampering over our bedroom roof; the bright-eyed chipmunk who flickers in and out of his hole in the stone foundation only a step away from the screen door; even the rabbits who eat the heads of our zinnias — never my idea of an attractive flower; most of all the deer, so unexpected in this settled countryside, who up to this year have left their signature in the soft mud of our courtyard. But the neighborhood is changing fast: a new two-lane highway has bulldozed its way through the finest woods in Essex County and now passes within half a mile of our ridge. Already the pastel-tinted colonies are springing up, and soon we shall have more dogs and cats, more children, more neighbors, but far fewer of the secret sort.

Animals at home

Ever since he established himself with *An Almanac for Moderns*, **Donald Culross Peattie** has been a roving naturalist, feeding his insatiable curiosity about this country and happily busy with his pen. The wild life which I glimpse in a flash of seconds, he studies over the years, observing, reading, checking the early records of Audubon, Dr. Bachman, or the Bartrams, father and son, as he compares our forest life of today with what it was a century ago. In *Sportsman's Country* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00) Mr. Peattie has written a refreshing animal book, skillfully illustrated by Henry B. Kane. It is not a how-to-do book — how to kill trout in six easy chapters; rather, it is a study of the habits, courage, character, and beauty of some of our finest American fauna — the bobwhite, the gray squirrel, the red-tailed hawk, the black bass, the red fox, the mule deer, the black-tailed jack rabbit — of the country or water they take to and of how they have survived despite the odds.

I like Peattie's curiosity; I like his account of the gray squirrel heira down the Ohio in 1809 when the river was strewn from bank to bank with gray squirrels on an advancing front of 130 miles. Such a migration is almost past belief, but I am told a sizable one took place in Connecticut not long ago. I like his description of what makes the perfect bass lake, and of the layers of life which inhabit it. I like to know that the white-tailed jack rabbit will cover twenty-two feet four inches at a leap, and that Peattie himself once clocked Jack at thirty-five miles an hour. In relating these

organisms to their environment, Mr. Peattie is often the defender: he reminds us that the red fox and the hawk are not wanton destroyers; he reminds us — when we deplore the lack of game — that two hunters in the fall of 1883 killed 300 dozen quail in a seventeen-day hunt. That was in the days when restaurants charged thirty cents apiece for quail on toast. He tells us the tragedy of the Kaibab deer and of what happens today when the deer in Yosemite are fed Popsicles. Hunters and anglers will enjoy this book; so will those who simply like to think of animals.

The politician and his wife

Joyce Cary is an English novelist who defies the easy label. He is one of the most versatile of English authors — he writes about vagabond artists and endearing blowsy women, about African natives and their English administrators; and now, in his new book, he tells the story of a political rabble-rouser. His books have made a swift series of impacts upon us, coming in rapid succession after years of neglect, and all are fun to read.

Prisoner of Grace (Harper, \$3.00) is the story told by a wife, a good-natured, intelligent woman, as she follows the ups and downs, the subtleties and dilemmas, of her husband's career. The book covers thirty years of marital discord and political success. Chester Nimmo is a bright lower-class politician at the time of the Boer War when Nina marries him, and the chronicle of his advance through the rallies, the riots, the flying vegetables, and the betrayals in the name of good government is brisk, lively writing all the way.

The book lacks something of the surprising variety which we expect in Cary's work, and this I think is because a close view of a temperamentally mismatched couple necessarily focuses on the causes of their incompatibility, which are ingrained and never change. The same things happen over and over again, for Nina never learns to cope with Chester's methods and he never learns how to hold her interest. The pattern of flight and recapture is repeated so often that the novel, in spite of shrewd analysis and some very funny episodes, becomes predictable, even a trifle monotonous.

The pistolero

As an artist and writer, **Tom Lea** of El Paso has been particularly attracted to Mexico. In *The Brave Bulls* he told and illustrated the story of the desperate ordeal of a Mexican matador. Now, in his second book, *The Wonderful Country* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), he is writing of the borderland between Texas and Mexico in the years just after the Lone Star had been admitted to the Union. His hero, Martin Brady, is a man of both countries. As a young boy, Martin saw his father, a Confederate veteran, shot to death in a street fight. That night young Martin killed the killer

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and slipped across the border to safety. He found sanctuary at last in the great hacienda Valdepeñas. There he was trained as a *vaquero* or ranch hand, and there, as his cold courage and deadly aim were better appreciated, he was singled out as a *pistolero*. As a gunman he protected Cipriano Castro from an assassin, and as an armed guard he helped convey the silver ore from Castro's great holding, the El Tigre Mine.

Martin has killed for personal reasons and in the border fights against the Apache — and the habit grows. Mateo Casas, the kindly Mexican who took him in when he was homeless, gives him the warning: "The life with firearms, it grows — to a habit of blood. Much blood is much sorrow. I have seen it. You are seeing it. It is the sorrow of my Mexico. Will you live your life in it?" Thus Martin's story is the story of a young adventurer — in his twenties when the book begins — who is struggling to rid himself of the gun habit, struggling to repatriate himself in the Texas from which he fled.

There are qualities in this book which make it an exceptional Western. Since it is a frontier story, it is essentially a story of men, and chief among them Martin, whose change and development are vigorously portrayed. Secondly, I am much taken with the Remington-like brush strokes of Mr. Lea's prose as he draws the vast, colorful background of the Mexican province of Chihuahua; scenes such as the burning of the hacienda at El Carmen, or Martin's infuriating interrogation by General Marcos Castro, or his homecoming to the great fiesta of San Juan, are as hot as chile. Last, but not least, are the superb black-and-whites in which the author has depicted the great horse Lágrimas, the character of Puerto, the little border town, and those symbols of Mexico which so long held Martin captive.

Bill Mauldin went out to Korea taking with him not Willie and Joe, those muddy, bearded doughfeet who gave us such a perfect low-down understanding of the war in Italy: this time he takes with him Joe alone. Joe, still single, has become a rookie war correspondent after five years of high school on the G. I. Bill, and his letters to Willie back home tell the story of what Mauldin thinks of Korea. *Bill Mauldin in Korea* (Norton, \$2.95) is the first humorous thing I have read about that unhappy place; and while the humor is wry and sardonic, as it was in *Up Front*, it certainly establishes the right mood in which to convey the sympathy, understanding, and indignation which the author shares with the Infantry, the Marines, and the Naval aviators whom he lived with on his visit. Loneliness and discomfort, honesty, grit, bewilderment, and what T.R. called "bull-doggish-hangonitiveness" — it's all here, and with drawings to point it up.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE TARTAR STEPPE by *Dino Buzzati*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00.) An officer waits at an isolated outpost for the war that never comes, in this poetical disturbing allegory of human life. Translated from the Italian by Stuart Hood.

THE DISTANT SHORE by *Jan de Hartog*. (Harper, \$3.50.) After skippering a seagoing tug during the war, the captain has trouble settling down to peace, and no wonder, for the tugboat war has a grim humor and excitement hard to beat.

MARCH OF THE HERO by *Richard Lee Marks*. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.50.) Revolution in a mythical South American country is the nerve-racking background for Mr. Marks's study of the demoralizing effect of power on an idealistic amateur politician.

THE ILLUSIONIST by *Françoise Mallet*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00.) The author handles an adolescent girl's Lesbian love affair with understanding, good taste, and exceptional literary skill, but the book is not for the squeamish.

American History

OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION by *William Bradford*, edited by *Samuel Eliot Morison*. (Knopf, \$6.00.) The first complete, modern edition of Bradford's on-the-spot history of his colony is a highly readable book, for Bradford, shorn of antique spelling and punctuation, proves to be a first-rate reporter.

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT edited by *Elting E. Morison*. Volumes V and VI. (Harvard University Press, \$20.00.) This monumental record of Roosevelt's ideas and activities runs from the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations to the close of his administration.

HEAR THE TRAIN BLOW by *Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg*. (Dutton, \$12.75.) Two enthusiasts celebrate the gaudy history of American railroading with a short, lively text and an enormous gallery of pictures.

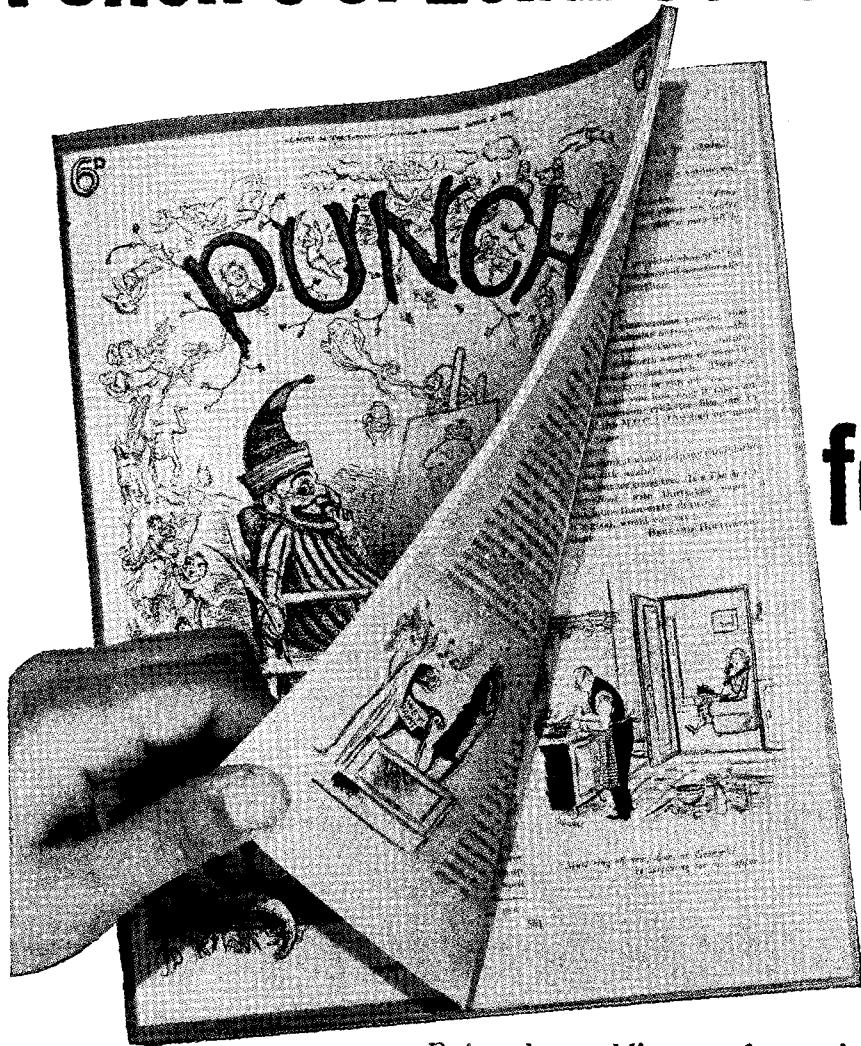
Memories of Glamour

THE BIG TOP by *Fred Bradna, as told to Hartzell Spence*. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95.) All about the circus by a man who really knows, having been Ringling's equestrian director (stage manager, to the layman) for forty years.

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD by *Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan*. (Harper, \$4.00.) The American heiress who didn't want to be Duchess of Marlborough recalls Edwardian elegance with a pleasant lack of nostalgia and a good deal of dry humor.

HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO by *Martyn Green*. (Norton, \$3.75.) Quite properly for a comic lead, Mr. Green concentrates on the oddities, absurdities, and confusions of his thirty years with the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan company, and makes no forays into serious theatrical history.

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(SEE REVERSE SIDE)

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Aldous Huxley is a moralist whose sardonic sense of humor finds pleasure in using the infinitely squalid as a sounding board for the sublime, and who is usually very entertaining in the process. In his new book, *The Devils of Loudun* (Harper, \$4.00), Mr. Huxley has chronicled — with unmistakable relish — the "prolonged psychological orgy" which took place in the French town of Loudun in the first years of the 1630s; and within this framework he carries forward — with passionate earnestness — his exposition of the teaching of the mystics, the "perennial philosophy."

From the writing of participants and observers, Huxley has reconstructed the happenings at Loudun with a startling fullness of detail. In 1617, Loudun acquired a new priest, young Father Urbain Grandier, whose flashing good looks had a devastating effect on his female parishioners. He proceeded to take a succession of mistresses; and he also took delight in making enemies. To these was presently added the new 25-year-old Prioress of the Ursuline nuns, who longed for the handsome priest to become the Convent's confessor and was maddened with disappointment when he declined. She began to tell the nuns of shocking dreams, in which Grandier plied her with insolent caresses. And at this point chance — in the form of a ghoulish Halloween prank — touched off a chain reaction of hysteria among the Ursulines.

The cabal intent on Grandier's ruin spread rumors that the nuns were possessed by demons who proclaimed Grandier their master. When priests were dispatched to the Convent to conduct exorcisms, the sisters threw fits, rolled obscenely on the floor, and told of frightful lubricities committed with infernal visitants. Grandier was tried for sorcery, hideously tortured, and then burned alive. But scenes of indescribable squalor continued to be enacted at the Convent. It was only when the exorcists finally abandoned their ef-

forts that the good sisters quickly reverted to normalcy and Loudun's long orgy came to an end.

After these weird events, there comes a sequel which furnishes a counterpoint. It is the story of Father Surin, one of the exorcists, in whose later career Huxley sees a journey toward genuine spirituality.

In Huxley's chronicle, with its many discursive passages, a multiplicity of eyes are at work: the eyes of an erudite historian, a sardonic humorist, and a student of abnormal psychology, as well as those of a twentieth-century mystic. The only serious criticisms that can be brought against the book are the familiar criticisms of Huxley's mystical outlook. The reader who, like myself, does not share Huxley's boundless disgust with the human condition — who does not feel that to be "one's sweating self" is necessarily "damnation," and can indeed at times be moderately agreeable — may occasionally find common sense whispering impolite remarks into his ear; and he may wish that Huxley had not devoted quite so much space to the transcendental "message." But such considerations remain secondary, for Huxley has handled his subject with consummate artistry, and it has provided him with rich scope for the exercise of his intellectual gifts. *The Devils of Loudun* is Huxley in fine form — a work as distinguished as, and in part much livelier than, his *Grey Eminence*.

Lust for life

The seasonal crop of autobiographical items is not, I am assured by a statistician at the *New York Times*, appreciably larger than usual; but I seem to have run into an exceptional number of titles in this category which I have wanted to read. There were three in last month's report; there will be five in this; and there remain a couple more which I hope to catch up with in December.

Chiaroscuro (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$5.00) brings together in book form the "fragments of autobiography" written for Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* by the flamboyant dean of English painters, **Augustus John**. This is a robustly outward-looking memoir; but though the author leaves the back rooms of his psyche unvisited, it is quite clear that he has seldom been grievously distempered by repressions, guilt, despondency,

or philosophic doubt. He has lived as he pleased, and he writes about the world and himself without a trace of solemnity or humbug. His *Chiaroscuro* is the kind of exhilarating personal history that nowadays is rare: the recollections of a happy titan who has found immense enjoyment in the here and now — in wine, women, and work; in art and travel; in talk and congenial companions.

The scenes range from the Café Royal in its Bohemian heyday at the turn of the century to the homes of great patrons of the arts; from Whistler's studio to night life in Berlin, Paris, and Harlem; from gypsy encampments in Wales, France, and Spain — where John, who speaks a dialect of Romani, was an honored guest — to the manor of Massachusetts Governor Fuller, whose portrait John painted shortly after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

In the course of his long and immensely productive career, Augustus John has known scores of the famous and the great; and he presents them with the freshness and individuality of the painter's eye. He says of Sir Gerald du Maurier, the leading actor: "The dear man never ceased to act and always with that consummate art which just avoids concealment." Of Oscar Wilde: "An easy-going sort of genius, with an enormous sense of fun, infallible bad taste, and a romantic apprehension of the Devil. A great man of inaction. . . ."

John's preface forewarns us that he has not bothered much with chronology or continuity. His book is, literally, a succession of fragments — people and places swiftly sketched; incidents and anecdotes swiftly told. But though fragmentary, it seemed to me delightful: an unpretentious memoir written with great charm, abounding vitality, and with no end of wit.

The secret self

Conrad Aiken's *Ushant* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown, \$4.50) — "an autobiographical narrative" written in the third person — is a remarkable experiment in intensive self-revelation by a poet whose work has long shown a deep interest in psychoanalysis.

The writer who accepts, as Mr. Aiken does, the challenge of the new psychology must virtually invent a new approach to autobiography. He must find ways and means of showing

ARTHUR COREY

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Personal Introduction to GOD

*With a Foreword by BASIL WOON
Former Literary Editor, San Francisco News*

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the submerged forces continually at work in his life, and of preventing those forces, so far as is possible, from distorting his revelations. (For all his cult of sincerity, Rousseau let false coloring get into his *Confessions*; and Gide's staunchest friend, Roger Martin Du Gard, has said that his self-portrait in the *Journals*, however unflattering, presents him as he *wished* to appear to posterity.) Mr. Aiken has, I believe, dealt fairly effectively with these problems by combining the methods of the psychoanalyst and the poet. He appears to have worked from an undirected stream of memories, dreams, and associations; and to have "processed" this raw material—given it coherence and pattern—with the intuitive logic of the poet rather than the logic of chronology and of the conscious mind.

The result is a difficult, original book, written with a superb command of language and a beautifully cadenced momentum. The difficulty is that it is exceedingly hard to find and keep one's bearings when the author's mind is darting around wherever his associations lead him. I see no reason why some dates and a few other signposts could not have been used. But by and large the difficulty is inherent in the attempt to add a new dimension to autobiography. And this is an attempt which—despite the wails that it is a waste of talent on the Freudian wasteland—will assuredly continue to be made.

Aiken has presented the particular experience of his narrator, D.—the Demarest of *Blue Voyage*—with a continuously generalized insight into a universal cycle of experience: the transformation of son into father. The narrator, in his boyhood, lost father and mother in an appalling tragedy; and their place was symbolically taken by two countries—the land of his forebears and England. When D., as a questing young man, cut loose from his roots, he fell in love with England, and throughout his life has been continually drawn back to it. Now, just after the war, he is returning to the house he loves in Saltinge—but this time, perhaps, to return permanently *from* it to his new home in America.

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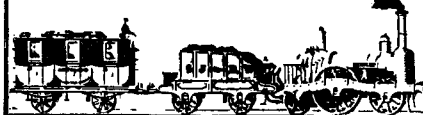
by JOHN W. DODDS

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three "Loreleis" he married and the "Loreleibehens" in between (and offers up a sublime pun about the man of many loves: "You cannot rest on your Laureleis"). It tells of literary friendships, and shows, with no trace of self-pity, the price paid by a writer whose integrity has rejected all compromise. It speaks of days when insanity seemed close and of an attempt at suicide. But there is none of the clinical aroma so poisonous to art. And there is much humor, vivid description, and a pervasive sense of kindness. There is a continuous sense, too, of D.'s movement toward a goal, Ushant and what it stands for: the beacon which lights up the treacherous approaches to the most rewarding of landfalls: the "poetic comprehension of man's position in the universe."

Ushant is, I repeat, a difficult book. But the reader in sympathy with Aiken's intent, and prepared to make a full commitment of his faculties, will find here a penetrating and poetic rendering of "the precarious gait we call experience."

Olé! Olé!

Thanks to Tom Lea, Barnaby Conrad, and before them Ernest Hemingway, thousands of Americans are bullfight fans without ever having seen blood spilled in the bull ring. To them — speaking as one who, having been to three *corridas*, fancies himself a veteran *aficionado* — I commend with a rousing Olé! **Sidney Franklin's** autobiography, *Bullfighter from Brooklyn* (Prentice-Hall, \$3.75). In *Death in the Afternoon*, Hemingway said of Franklin: "[He] is brave with a cold, serene, and intelligent valor . . . one of the most skillful, graceful, and slow manipulators of a cape fighting today. . . . His life is better than any picaresque novel you ever read. . . . He has truly lived three lives, one Mexican, one Spanish, and one American, in a way that is unbelievable." I do not know whether the hand that manipulated the cape has itself tapped the typewriter, but what matters is that the fantastic story of the one and only great American bullfighter has been told simply, swiftly, and vividly.

His father's hot temper caused Franklin to take off at seventeen for Mexico, where he quickly set up a successful silk-screen poster business. The poster business brought him into contact with bullfighting, and he

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grew exasperated by Mexican taunts that no Yankee had guts enough to be a matador. He decided to learn enough of the routines to join in amateur shows put on for charity; and through miraculous good fortune, the great Gaona, who had competed with Belmonte, became his teacher. After his first practice workout with bulls, he was horrified to find himself shanghaied by a manager into making a formal debut.

The descriptions of Franklin's fights are remarkably well done. He gives you a real taste of what goes on down in the bull ring; and the story outside of the ring is full of entertaining episodes — Franklin's sojourn with a jungle tribe which treated him like a king and asked nothing in return except some pale-skinned children; the romance with a beautiful fan from Texas who moved herself into his suite with almost fatal consequences; the hysterical demonstrations staged by *aficionados*; the meeting with an unkempt stranger who called himself Hemingway, and whom Franklin, no bookworm, added to his entourage as just another fan in need of a handout. It is all extremely good fun, and just about as exciting as an afternoon at the *corrida*.

"B. B."

When last I was in Italy, I encountered three sorts of American pilgrims — those who had come to Rome to get the Pope's blessing; those who were on their way to Harry's Bar in Venice to drink a Montgomery at Hemingway's table; and those who hoped for an audience with Bernard Berenson at his famous villa, I Tatti, just outside Florence. Several of Berenson's post-war American visitors have reported that what impressed them most about the great connoisseur, now in his middle eighties, was the amazing freshness of his mind — his prodigious intellectual curiosity. It is this quality which sets its stamp on Berenson's *Rumor and Reflection* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.00) and gives sustained vitality and charm to this discursive journal, which Berenson kept during the war years, first at I Tatti and then in hiding from the Nazis and Fascists.

Rumor and Reflection is introduced by its author as a book of "Gossip" — gossip in the sense intended by his friend William James, who used to say: "Come, let us gossip about the

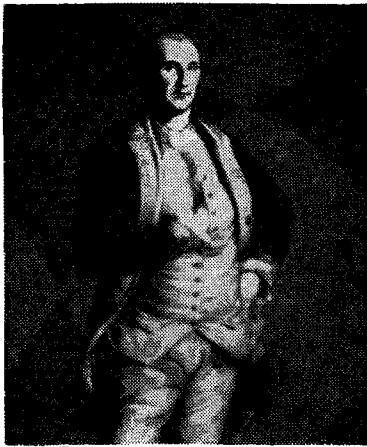
Universe." The *Rumor* refers to that public gossip — reports of events and states of mind about events — which is history as it presents itself to the living; history before it has been sifted and geometrized by the historian. The *Reflection* is what Berenson was stimulated to write by the day's conversation, his reading, and his musings: it is private gossip of the highest order.

As a war journal, *Rumor and Reflection* is an interesting picture of day-to-day vicissitudes and anxieties, not a chronicle of high drama (the most amazing part of the story is that his fabulous art collection was saved from the Germans and from bombardment). But while there is little or nothing in this book that could properly be called spectacular, there is a great deal in it that is notable: the author's reflections about his Jewish heritage and the position of the Jews; his discussion of the German problem, in which he brings out the significant truths in both the "dangerous nation" view and the attitude whose accent is on the "good Germans"; his penetrating understanding of the Italians, the people whom he loves "most on earth" but sees with unblinking realism; his remarkable prescience (except on one or two points) about the war's aftermath; and a good deal of amusing anecdote.

Paul Valéry said of himself, "Stupidity is not my strong point"; and the remark fits Berenson well. He abhors fanaticism; he has no patience with the prejudices of nationalism; and here and there he punctures the facile optimism of the doctrinaire progressive. He is, genuinely, what so many are in name only — a liberal conservative. His journal admits us to the company of a restless, alert, enormously civilized mind. And it is written with an informal elegance which makes the going extremely pleasant.

The nightmare that was Naples

The Skin (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) by Curzio Malaparte — a big best-seller in Europe — purports to be a slightly fictionalized account of his experiences in and around Naples in the months after its capture by the Allies, to whom he became attached as a liaison officer. Malaparte — referred to in Berenson's book as a "political atheist" — had been briefly confined to an island by the Fascist



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regime; but his standing under Fascism had been good enough for him to be accredited as an Italian war correspondent, and for him to be the welcome guest of some of the Nazi bigwigs. I mention this because Malaparte's fixed pose of high-mindedness and his other self-righteous posturings, coming as they do from a notorious adventurer, seem to me peculiarly disgusting. They strike me as the work of a show-off and a brazen opportunist, who goes all out to exploit the sensational possibilities of squalor and eroticism while pretending to be pained and scandalized.

In his attitude toward the Americans, Malaparte alternates between an enormous condescension and a worshipful pseudo humility which is possibly even more irritating. Yet, undeniably, Malaparte has brilliant literary gifts of a theatrical order. He has a flair for the atrociously bizarre, and he depicts it with a bravura which makes some of his pages unforgettable.

His dual theme in *The Skin* is the abasement and suffering of the Neapolitans, and the failure of the well-meaning but naïve liberators to understand that war has left these people with nothing to live for but their skin. The book is a succession of episodes in which — apart from a few dealing with the combat lines — the accent is on the sordid and the fantastic. Malaparte writes about the female dwarfs of Pendino di Santa Barbara; erotic rites celebrated by homosexuals; the flourishing traffic in Negro soldiers, whom street urchins would latch on to with promises of pleasure and "sell" to the highest bidder to be plundered; a dinner party at which, when the huge fish that was the *pièce de résistance* arrived, it looked appallingly like the body of a little girl.

Malaparte's emotional tone is consistently inflated. And all in all, it might be said that he has a genius for creating disbelief. But while one can seldom accept his reporting as literal truth, it is often highly arresting in a nightmarish way and it makes one original and worth-while contribution. Malaparte's is surrealistic reportage which projects the extreme awfulness of certain wartime horrors and abnormalities with a greater graphic intensity than could be achieved, I think, by strictly factual documentation. *The Skin* is not as interesting a book as *Kaputt*, but it

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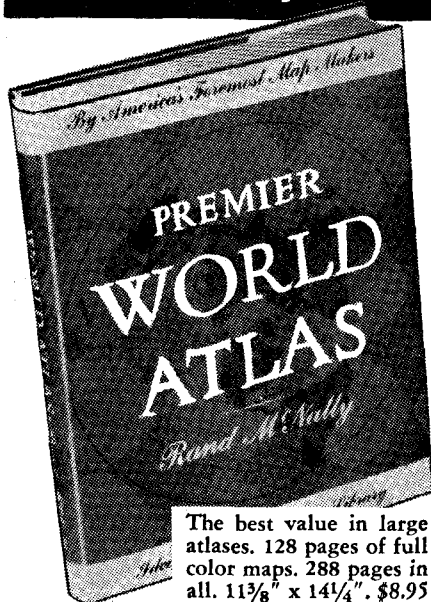
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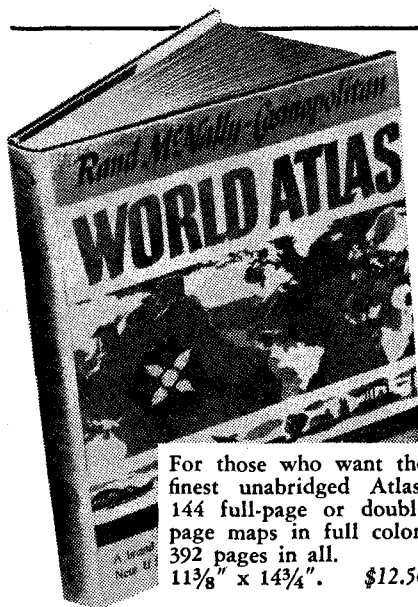
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has the same element of nightmarish truth and some of the same shock effect.

Fiction roundup

When looking through the new novels, I am often reminded of the statement (I forget where I saw it) that there is no such thing as bad art: there is simply art and non-art. What personally I care most about in a novel is that it should really be a novel — that is, something newly created, a product of talent — and not a piece of fiction built by literary carpentry, a product of know-how. The genuine article is distinguished by a quality which is tidily summed up in Flaubert's phrase — "a personal way of seeing and feeling"; and it almost invariably makes a book, however deeply flawed, in some way interesting. The four titles glanced at below all have this quality. They all, in very different ways, gave me a good deal of enjoyment.

In *Hemlock and After* (Viking, \$3.00), Angus Wilson lives up to the deadly promise of his two collections of short stories. With a coldly devastating eye, he describes the interplay of relationships between a group of characters in whom is lodged a lush assortment of failings and depravities. The central figure is a celebrated British novelist who has persuaded the government to finance a home for young writers. This Bernard Sands is a married man whose strong moral sense has had to capitulate to his homosexuality; and eventually there is a crisis in which his conscience takes command, though not with particularly cheering consequences.

Wilson is a brilliant and vastly amusing portraitist of human imperfection. Occasionally, he mars his farcical effects by carrying things too far — the raffish Madam and the fiasco at the opening of the writers' home are overdone; and his destructive talent has an almost unavoidable limitation — one is not apt to care much what happens to his victims. But the exposure of human shams and pretensions, conducted with such virtuosity as Wilson's, seems to me a sufficiently rewarding enterprise in itself. Though his methods bear no resemblance to those of the early Huxley or to Waugh's, he is operating within the same tradition and he is the brightest of their successors.

Isabel Bolton is a weaver of ver-

bal enchantment, which communicates — glowingly and with exquisite precision — the vibrations of the human heart and the texture of the physical world in all its nuances. In *Many Mansions* (Scribner's, \$3.00), a woman over eighty, living alone in a hotel room, rescues from a drawer and reads a manuscript in which she once told her life story. It is the story — unfolding in Philadelphia, Florence, and New York — of an upper-class American whose life was irrevocably shaped by the disastrous outcome of her first, youthful love affair. The plot resorts to a stock twist of the Gothic romance, and from the over-all perspective it is terribly flimsy. But the writing has a poetic vividness, a truth of feeling that make the book memorable. I find Miss Bolton's prose style completely spellbinding. If novels were still read aloud, I am sure she would gain a large following.

The Last September (Knopf, \$3.50) is an early novel, long out of print, by Elizabeth Bowen, who says of it: "This, of all my work, is nearest to my heart." Like Lois, the heroine, Miss Bowen was a young girl in Ireland during the 1920 "Troubles." The house in the novel is Miss Bowen's own home; and her family — landowning Anglo-Irish Protestants — were in the ambiguous, heartbreaking position of Lois's uncle and aunt. The story takes its pitch from the month which gives the novel its title. Lois, in transition from adolescence, is enjoying tennis parties and discovering love, almost oblivious to the grim happenings beyond the gates. And suddenly they bring desolation.

In *October Island* (Little, Brown, \$3.00), William March — whose *Company K* was one of the fine novels of the First World War — has come up with a fresh and engaging treatment of a hackneyed theme: the story of the ignoble missionary who descends, preaching the idea of Sin, on the noble savages of a Pacific island-paradise. Tales of this kind have usually had the rather naïve purpose of showing that *homme au naturel* lives infinitely more sensibly than the victims of civilization. But March's intent is more subtle, and *October Island* is full of delightful inventions and fruitful uses of anthropology.

The story focuses on the missionary's virgin wife, who, through an ex-

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traordinary chain of circumstances, is taken by the natives for the Virgin Goddess they have been awaiting, and who finds this just what she has wanted all her life. The point, I think, is that man, civilized or uncivilized, is ultimately governed by the irrational. But there are other meanings, too, in this clever, mellow, and entertaining fantasy.

Potpourri

THE FOLKS AT HOME by Margaret Halsey. Simon & Schuster, \$3.00.

The author of *With Malice Toward Some* now subjects the American business society to the verbal equivalent of a saturation raid with atom bombs. Her thesis is that the American conscience and the ethos of American business have a mutually hostile set of values; and that there is a catastrophic clash between American business and the American family. The child is taught truthfulness, coöperation, and giving; the adult, from nine o'clock to five, is expected to be aggressively competitive, cynical, and grabbing in the pursuit of money; and he cannot but take some of this spirit home into the family, where the opposite traits are needed. The result is a deep split within the individual — "We're all in . . . the S. S. Schizophrenia." The split is further accentuated by the fact that the American has to switch continually from the realities of his life as he knows them to the "fiction of his life" presented by the media of mass communication.

The gist of Miss Halsey's book, in effect, is that the business of America can only continue to be business at the cost of "chronic unhappiness." All this, she recognizes, has already been said; and she states it somewhat repetitively. Her case, though, is certainly presented with telling wit and with tremendous spirit.

THE BERLIN STORY by Curt Riess. Dial, \$3.50.

Mr. Riess chronicles the life of Berlin — he calls it, not unjustifiably, "living surrealism"—from the entry of the Russians up until February, 1952. He appears to have worked rather harder on the human than on the political side of the story. His handling of the latter is sometimes unimpressive, especially in respect to the political battle behind the blockade. He has, however, collected an enormous quantity of interesting material showing how the Berliners have lived. His book has a dramatic and fascinating story to tell, and makes of it absorbing reading.

ACT OF PASSION by Georges Simenon. Prentice-Hall, \$3.50.

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mosphere; and this is the best novel of his that I have read to date (but not a book for anyone who is likely to be disturbed by the blunt and unsparing treatment of sex).

It is cast in the form of a letter written from a French prison by a man who wants one person at least to understand why he killed the being he loved most on earth — "in full consciousness of my act," and not, as the jury concluded, while mentally deranged. The letter-writer unfolds the story of a country doctor, twice married, who had had no sense of life until he met a pathetic girl called Martine; and who discovered with her — as she did with him — an immensely satisfying love, only to be haunted by the phantom of "the other Martine" who had given herself to other men.

This capsule description may suggest banality, but that is far from being the case. The book has a sharply individual flavor, and it achieves a reality so intense that I feel I have seen the whole story actually pass before my eyes.

THE BUILD-UP by William Carlos Williams. Random House, \$3.50.

This novel by the well-known family doctor of Rutherford, New Jersey, who is one of America's best poets chronicles — against a background of steadily increasing prosperity — the life of an immigrant's family in a small town in New Jersey through the first two decades of the century.

The principal protagonists are Joe Stecher, a German-born printer, who retains his Old World caution about money and his old-fashioned ideas about family life; Joe's Norwegian wife, Gurlie, who struggles successfully for a place in the town's best society and then sets about livening up the town's social life; and the Stechers' two pretty daughters, with whose marriages the novel ends.

The social picture has the stamp of reality, as recorded by a warmhearted and warmly interested observer. But the story is a bit commonplace and somewhat lacking in point. It seemed to me to get nowhere in particular.

THE BEST CARTOONS FROM PUNCH
edited by Marvin Rosenberg and Bill Cole.
Simon & Schuster, \$3.00.

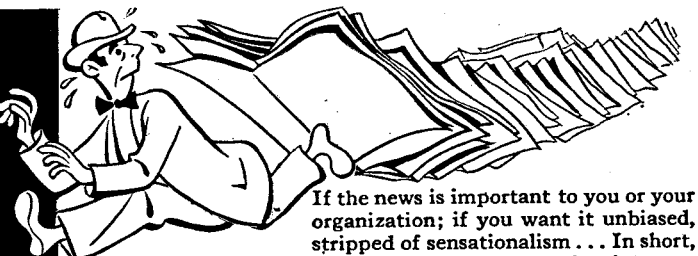
The British sense of humor, says A. P. Herbert in his introduction, is not radically different from the American: it is the difference in scene — in topical context and associations — which often makes the point of a British joke seem feeble or nonexistent to Americans, and vice versa.

The editors of this handsomely produced collection are both Americans, and they have selected 250 cartoons whose humor, they felt, requires no decoding. As far as I am concerned, the majority are delightful; a few fall flat; and quite a number are tremendously funny. A good many of these cartoons are also notable for their original and engaging draftsmanship, especially those of a wacky genius called Emmett, whose masterpieces are in themselves a handsome return for the price of admission.

SECRET TIBET by Fosco Maraini. Viking, \$6.50.

Fosco Maraini went to Tibet in the thirties, attached to an Italian scientific expedition and equipped with humane sympathies, enormous curiosity, enthusiasm, wit, and a mind equally capable of observation and reflection. He also carried a camera. The book resulting from these qualifications ranges from details of daily life through sharp studies of Tibetan character and on into a history of art and religion. Every page is alive with the author's determination to make Tibetan civilization comprehensible to Western readers. His success is remarkable. He is equally lucid in dealing with the gaudy grimness of religious symbolism and the subtleties of negotiating with an old lama who, abysmally ignorant by Western standards, is nevertheless a sensitive and intelligent man. Almost anybody can grind out a book about picturesque scenery and quaint barbarians, but the ability to describe an alien world in solidly human terms without drifting into condescension or losing the charm of strangeness is very rare. *Secret Tibet* ranks high on the list of genuine magic carpets.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



IF television interests are as smart as they seem to be, they will use the post-election interval for entrenching themselves solidly in Washington. They cleaned up with the conventions. They have set the pace through the campaign. They will undoubtedly leave little for the A.M.'s on election night.

TV has much to offer the politician and the public official who is willing to operate in terms of the present instead of the past. If the next cabinet, for example, includes men who know what they are about and why, those men might fare very comfortably indeed with TV.

But the newspapers still believe that the press conference ought to remain their own private domain. The whole standard of news gathering would suffer, they argue, and the public would fall for all sorts of catch-penny tricks if TV were to horn in.

There is no reason why the public should draw more foolish conclusions from what it sees on TV than from what it reads in its newspapers. On the contrary, if TV can arrange a place for itself in press conferences, a good deal of inanity would rapidly be replaced by substance.

In the abundance of its waste matter, there is little in human affairs to equal a verbatim transcript of the classic press conference, in which the cagey "spokesman" for the agency head or cabinet member explains why nothing can be said, at the moment, about this subject or that. The most grudging hint, in such conferences, is hailed as news and, helped along by headlines, is made to seem like news. It may seem good news, or it may seem bad, according to the twist which the newspaper's "policy" sees fit to give it, but no matter: the ritual has been performed, the press corps has gone through the same motions — only fewer of them, perhaps — that satisfied it in days gone by.

Radio has taken most of the steam out of this operation. By the time a newspaper can come out with a short bulletin and a headline, radio has long since broadcast the story and the commentators are picking its bones. Nevertheless, the papers persist in the notion that radio is a stepchild

and TV an out-and-out trespasser.

The newspaper coverage of President Truman's speech last March, when he tucked into his prepared text at the last moment the announcement that he would not be a candidate, was a ludicrous case in point. The early edition of the *New York Times* had gone to press before the President made known his decision, and its news story reported that he did not take the occasion to disclose his plans. The upshot was that the *Times* was congratulated for the elaborateness and speed with which it substituted correct copy in later editions.

The Chicago conventions were a more protracted embarrassment for the press. Watching them on TV was much better than a seat in the press section — better than a seat anywhere, just as TV gives a better view of football than a seat on the 50-yard line. A news reporter could probably cover a convention more efficiently from TV than on the spot, and with TV he could always find out from Elmer Davis what was actually going on. One suspects this will be the case again on election night.

CHARLES W. MORTON



ALL UPRIGHTEOUS PEOPLE

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

RIXFORD KNIGHT, who lives on a farm in Jamaica, Vermont, has written on a variety of subjects in these pages. His most recent Atlantic article dealt with the etiquette of walking with a cow.

I SHOULD like to get in touch with two or three editorial writers, or congressmen, or high school valedictorians who have never claimed that "all thoughtful, well-informed people" supported their views. I am thinking of starting a league.

There are dozens of variants to this circular argument. The authority of "all decent, right-minded men and women" is often invoked. "All responsible citizens" is another favorite. Once in a while you still run across "anybody with a grain of sense in his head." And one beaut I heard recently is "all God-fearing, law-abiding denizens of the free world." But never yet has anyone come out frankly and said: "All proper stinkers agree that the facts are as I have stated."

When I was young and impressionable I was taught that all good boys remembered to put on their rubbers, used their handkerchiefs, and got high marks on their report cards. Lord Fauntleroy and the neighbors' boy should be my examples. If I hoped to succeed in life and become a respected citizen I should try to be like them.

But because of some inherent perverseness the result of these teachings was the opposite of what was intended. I developed a willful and powerful aversion to those qualities which distinguished proper young men. I acquired an even more powerful distaste for the young men themselves and whenever I could I avoided such playmates and chose for companions vulgar, low, ly-

ing, deceitful fellows who had no respect for property rights or social amenities. Like them I came to have a sly, furtive appearance, and nice girls crossed the road when they saw me coming.

This unfortunate aversion to the good, the true, and the beautiful, acquired in my formative years, has stuck with me still, so that now, whenever I am told that all righteous, respectable people are on one side of a question, I find myself automatically taking the opposite side. And since I hear this at least once in every debate, I always end up on the side of murder, robbery, rape, peculation, and theft. This animosity toward everything proper has even affected my gardening habits — as when a government expert contended that all careful, foresighted growers always staked up their tomatoes.

This time-honored practice of invoking the authority of the angels would not be so bad if I could line up with the devil and stay put. But I can't. No sooner have I adjusted myself to iniquity than my chosen side proclaims: "The whole world knows that the principles of justice for which we fight will win out in the end." It is the shuttling back and forth which is frustrating. I crossed to the side of the water witches when I was told that all intelligent, scientifically-minded people knew that the whole thing was a fake. Then my new friends assured me that only fools would deny anything so scientifically demonstrated. Reading the speeches made in the United Nations keeps me so busy dodging "all democratic, peace-loving peoples" that half the time I am carrying the ball in the wrong direction.

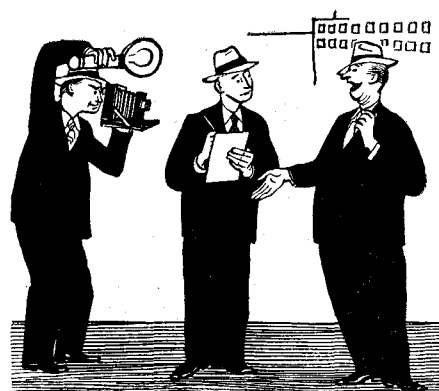
All intransigent scoundrels must have this experience. We should get together and do something about it.

HINT TO MOTORISTS

(Bolzano to Cortina)

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

THE Dolomites
Reach dizzy heights
With roads that
Off in air go;
One careless turn,
They'll send your urn
From some near-by
Albergo!



THE WOMEN

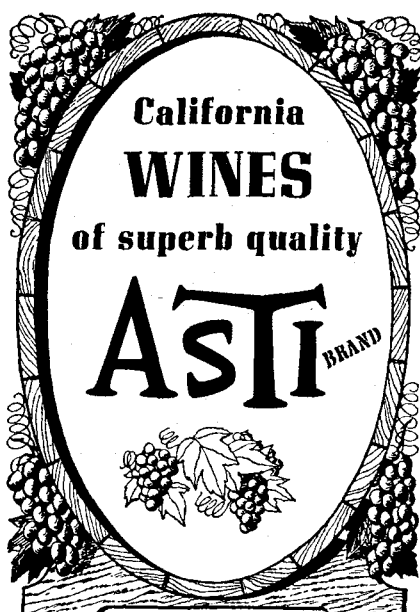
by MICHAEL HALBERSTAM

MICHAEL HALBERSTAM is now in his senior year as a Harvard College undergraduate, and expects to go to medical school. He has worked summers as a news reporter for the Hartford Courant.

TIME was when the inquiring photographer and the sidewalk reporter were essential parts of many American newspapers. Today these strange beings appear more often in the comic strips than they do in the less gaudy sections of a newspaper. Editors are a bit wary of using a device which has become a cliché in newspaper practice. Yet occasions do arise when an editor must find out what The People think about an event, and for these times nothing is more useful than the sidewalk interview.

Thus it was that one sticky afternoon last summer I found myself stationed at the most congested corner in Hartford, Connecticut, desperately trying to impress myself and my questions upon unwary passers-by. The Republicans had made their nomination for President in the morning, and our city editor had sent a photographer and me to find out what people thought of the choice.

I am not a shy man, but neither am I an openhearted lover of all people at all times. I am not a timid man, but neither do I walk in where angels fear to tread. Considerable newspaper experience has accustomed me to interviewing people — but only those who are used to being interviewed or who want to be interviewed. There is a great difference between questioning a visiting statesman and trying to question the man in the street. This was my first assignment of the latter variety, and I approached it with some queasiness.



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The photographer reassured me. Like most of his kind, he was used to intruding, complete with dazzling flash bulbs, at public ceremonies of all sorts. Having disrupted opening-night concerts, solemn conventions, and crucial speeches, he had become inured to arousing the wrath of large groups of sensitive people. Men and women to him were but possible opportunities for "good shots."

"Don't worry a bit about it," he said. "We'll just go out there and stop people. I've done it lots of times before. After a while you'll get to like it."

So we made our way to the traditional "busy corner on Main Street" and set up shop. We needed the photographs and reactions of eight men and women. To do this we decided to take twice as many pictures as necessary, thereby ensuring ourselves of enough good shots and interesting statements.

A carefully dressed middle-aged man was the first to come by. He had been eying us while the photographer assembled his equipment, and I decided he would make a likely subject.

"Excuse me, sir, I'm a reporter and my paper would like to know what you think about the Republican nomination," I blurted. The man expanded before our eyes, pleased that he, of all the people on the street, had been singled out to give his opinion on an event of national importance.

"Well," he rumbled, "Eisenhower's a good man. Better than those other guys who were trying to get it. I think it's a damn good thing." I thanked him and wrote down his reply, along with his name and address, on my pad of paper.

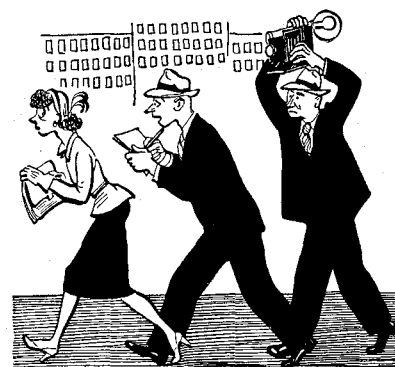
The next three interviews came out excellently. A man we had spotted as a "workingman type" gave us a fine statement about foreign policy, and a short man in a T shirt shrilled excitedly that Taft had been robbed. He gave the kind of pithy, virile quotes that we needed. As the photographer had predicted, I was getting to like the idea of stopping strangers and demanding to know what they thought of something.

When we were about half finished with our interviews, we realized that we had not yet stopped any women. Accordingly we began a special effort to pick women out of the crowds that eddied around us. We discovered quickly that whereas men had been willing subjects and had even hovered about us in hopes of being questioned,

women were almost impossible to catch. We proceeded, as we had with the men, by picking out a woman walking toward us, rapidly debating whether she was the particular type we needed, and then letting me sidle up to her while the photographer snapped us together.

As the women passed before us, I would walk over to them and begin, "I'm a news reporter, ma'am, and my paper would like to know . . ." The women ducked their heads and hurried on. I rushed alongside them, waving my reporter's pad and explaining, "I'm not selling anything, I'm from a newspaper and . . ." Putting on short bursts of speed, the women would shake their heads and scurry away.

If you have ever watched a man trying to pick up a girl on a busy street you have an idea of what I



looked like. There I was, trotting alongside these strange women, frantically talking to them from the corner of my mouth while they blindly shook their heads. Perhaps they thought that I *was* trying to pick them up. So I concentrated on old women, unattractive women, women with children in tow. The results were no better.

Flushed and perspiring, I returned to the photographer, who had been watching things with a malicious smile. "Let's forget about the women," I suggested.

"No, we've got to be representative," he said.

I thought and then proposed that he plant himself directly in the path of the women as I approached them from the side, thus forcing them to listen to me.

This plan of cornering the women worked, but a new difficulty appeared. The first woman we trapped said, "I'm sorry, I don't know anything about it."

"But don't you have any opinion about it?" I countered.

"No," she said, and dashed away.

The next woman said, "I've been too busy to follow all that." A young matron replied, "I let my husband worry about that sort of thing," before disappearing in the crowd.

The photographer was no longer amused. He virtually dragged unwilling subjects within range of the camera. We finally found a woman who made intelligent — or at least quotable — comments. When the interview was over I asked for her name and address. "Oh, no, you can't use my name," she bleated, and pulled away. The next woman pleaded, "Oh, I wouldn't want my husband to find out what I said." We let her go.

It was the photograph that upset the next one. "You can't take my picture now, I'm just a mess," she said. We were inclined to agree. We parried with a few more publicity-shy women and then gave up. For some reason they all felt that their particular views must remain concealed.

On the way back to the city room the photographer turned to me. "Well, how about it?" he asked.

"They never should have got the vote," I said.

THE TUTOR

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I WAS wondering how to spin
A lyric for my youngest kin
(Exactly three days old)
When in the garden's twilight hush
I was accosted by a thrush
Unusually bold.

Diving from the dogwood tree,
Not four yards off he studied me;
His speckle-vest erected,
Then, with beak so open-wide
That I could see his pink inside,
His lesson he projected.

Three-toned, the treble-warbled note
Came all native from his throat,
Incomparable flautist!
He gazed, tutorial, to say
That, glissando, is the way,
In case you never noticed.

All of a sudden he took shy,
Embarrassed-like; and so did I.
A firefly lit a taper —
Thrush pretended to take a bath,
While I went in across the path
And found this piece of paper.

ACCENT ON LIVING



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HALLS OF IVY

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

EDWIN O'CONNOR has written several articles about radio for these pages. He is the author of the novel published last year, *The Oracle*, the central character of which is an omniscient and thoroughly fraudulent network commentator.

ONE morning not long ago, as I prowled, hot-eyed, through the radio gossip column of a newspaper, panting over each racy item — “No one, but no one, is more generous to her friends than Kate Smith, TV’s first lady of song”; “Red Skelton, beloved comic, earned his nickname because of his red hair” — I was distracted by a large advertisement adjacent to the column and oddly educational in tone.

“RIDE THE AIR WAVES TO SUCCESS!” it read. “Become a PROFESSIONAL DISC JOCKEY by going to SCHOOL! Enroll now! Study with established disc jockeys as your teachers! Be a GUEST DISC JOCKEY while going to school! Yes, FAME can come to you as a DISC JOCKEY if you register NOW. . . .”

It had never occurred to me, before

this moment, that disc jockeys prepared for their peculiar calling by going to school. I had heard them often on the radio, in the early morning hours, as they spun their records and talked over the telephone to admiring listeners; as they chattered about the great and the near great with whom, apparently, they were on the best of terms; and as they alternately commended or scolded important public officials on their handling of significant issues. And never once did I dream that all this was the fruit of curricular training.

What, I wonder, can such a school be like? And the students: what of them? Is it possible they are sons of Old Alumni, enrolled at birth by their successful Disc Jockey Dads? Or are they simply ambitious young men who, eager for success, are willing to put up with the long academic training — Six weeks? Seven? — to get it?

It is perhaps not impossible to imagine such a student as he prepares for graduation from this school. He is in his room, the night before the finals; he is about to rehearse for the big day. Clothed in a kind of official school uniform — a fawn-colored suit with preposterous shoulders, black knit tie gathered in a giant Windsor knot — he mirrors the elegance of graduate Disc Jockeys everywhere. His teeth have been capped in the eventuality of a television appearance. His name is, or was, Artie Pumble; in the interest of euphony, the faculty has suggested a simple and decorous change. He is now known as Conrad Mountbatten.

Wordlessly, he seats himself before a desk on which have been placed an unconnected microphone and a dummy telephone; he is rehearsing with props, to give himself confidence. His smile stretches as he

prepares; suddenly he bursts into a strange, chanting rhythm. His voice is nasal, rasping, extremely loud: —

“Hey hey hey, put down your tattin’.
From the Club Stingaree, it’s . . .
MOUNTBATTEN CHATTIN’!”

He has decided upon this as his signature: it is a simple, classical opening, one sure of approval. He repeats the couplet in a voice only slightly louder, then abruptly reaches out and picks up the receiver in response to an imaginary ring: —

“Hello, I’m on the phone, MOUNTBATTEN CHATTIN’. . . . What’s that, dear? Will you repeat that, doll? . . . You say you think I have a marvelous voice? Full of charm? . . . Well, doll, that’s very very sweet of you to say so. . . . What? You say I sound just like Cary Grahnt? You say you bet I’m a graduate of Oxford College? Ha ha ha, dear, that would be telling. . . .”

As he talks he relaxes, his original nervousness ebbing. He realizes that



he has struck at once the proper note of intimacy, so desirable in establishing rapport with the public.

“What’s that, darling? You say I must be a very very charming person to have a voice like mine? Well, thank you very much, doll. . . . What’s that? You say you think all the girls must be crazy about me? Ah ha ha ha. Modesty forbids, darling, modesty forbids. . . .”

He breaks off suddenly, aware that this preliminary phase has been mastered. He now sets himself a sterner task. In his mind’s eye, there is a woman on the other end of the phone; she has asked him to play a record for her. This is easy; he refuses in the standard manner: —

“I’m sorry, doll, but we don’t play requests on this show. Less platter, more chatter, that’s what your boy Mountbatten says!”

His lips tighten as he imagines the woman proving obdurate; he imagines



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she tells him that it is his duty to play what the listeners ask for. His reply is quick and curt: —

"Listen, doll, let me inform you of something. Let me inform you that in these troubled times the only music I feel it's my duty to play is "God Bless America!" Which, incidentally, happens to be written by that great American and my very personal friend, Mr. Irving Berlin!"

It is a stunning squelch, one worthy of the Great Disc Jockeys. He permits himself a small, self-congratulatory smile; then, sobering, he continues to test himself. He has not yet touched The Arts; he frowns momentarily, then quickly picks up the receiver once more: —

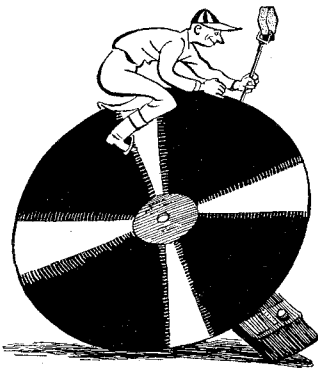
"MOUNTBATTEN CHATTIN'. . . . What's that, dear? You want to know have I read *what* best seller? You'll have to speak up, doll; I read a very great deal and I don't know which best seller you're talking about. . . . You say have I read the sensational *I Stole Stalin's Overcoat*? Yes I have, doll, and I think it's tremendous. Let me tell you, doll, that in my opinion it's the most important book to be written in the past twenty years. . . . What's that, doll? You say do I think it's a book you should let your little boy read? Listen, doll, it's a book that should be read by every American, old or young, because it isn't just a book; it's a SEARCHLIGHT."

It is a neat bit of handling; he pauses, justifiably proud of his performance so far. There remains Politics; it is, for the contemporary disc jockey, the critical area. Hurriedly, he goes over in his mind stern classroom lessons learned; bending slightly forward, he again picks up the receiver and prepares to meet the acid test: —

"HELLO, I'M ON THE PHONE. . . . Pardon me, doll? You say you want to know if I Like Ike? Yes, doll, I do. I

hope I'll always like all my fellow Americans who agree with me in my opposition to Communism. . . . Let me have that again, doll? . . . oh, you say you disagreed with my remarks about the President the other night? Well, dear, let me

tell you something: this microphone stands for free speech. Any time the President of the United States wants to come on this program to defend himself, he's at perfect liberty to do so. . . . What's that? You say is he going to come? I can't answer that question, doll; all I know is I've extended the invitation to him. It's his move, not mine. . . ."



It is a brilliant stroke; he knows it. It represents the most inspired work he has yet done; he makes a note to repeat it, word for word, before the examining board tomorrow. It is the apotheosis of name-dropping, yet it has been done with dignity. He is so excited by his success that he scarcely can compose himself to deliver, in grave accents, his closing, definitive words: —

". . . and so this has been your boy Mountbatten chattin', and leaving you now with this thought: Thank God we live in a country where they hang the Flag instead of the People! So good night, guys and dolls, sleep sweet, and please dream all night through of . . . your boy, CONRAD MOUNTBATTEN!"

He pushes the switch which starts an electric record-player beside him; from it come the strains of his theme song, "I'll See You in My Dreams," which suddenly segues into his other theme song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mountbatten listens solemnly until the last note has been played; then he rises, smiles dazedly, still a little awed by it all. He knows, on the strength of tonight's performance, that his radio future is golden and unlimited. Education, he realizes, is about to pay off.

QUAIL

by ROBERT HUFF

THE quail called, "We are quicker than you. We are of swales; seeds eddy in the swales. Thorns? Thorns and thistles? We are of them, too." They flushed, scattered milkweed behind like hosts With parachutes. After the covey flew Ghosts, winged whistles, "Quicker, quicker than you."

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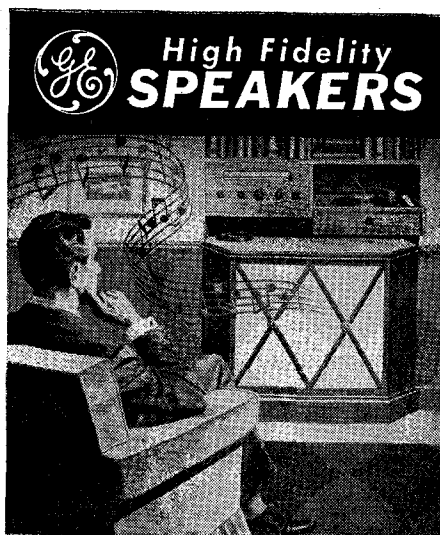
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THE REVOLVING STAGE

by **JOHN M. CONLY**

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

ONE of the headiest, most hectic and hazardous vocations known to civilized man is pursued on Manhattan Island in the three square miles encompassed by 59th Street on the north, 40th on the south, Eighth Avenue on the west, and Sixth on the east. This activity is variously known as "the American theatre" or "show business," depending on who is talking. It produces such varied fare as plain-clothes delivery of G. B. Shaw's more philosophical dramas and the bare-skinned depiction of Michael Todd's cruder daydreams. There is nothing else like it on the North American continent.

The people involved in this calling are nearly all neurotic, like most useful twentieth-century human beings. The more affluent among them spend a good deal of time and money having their brains bubbled psychotherapeutically. The less affluent adjust without medical assistance to fourteen-hour working days and the constant prospect of starvation. From star and playwright to bit player and apprentice designer, they live sacrificially. Gertrude Lawrence sang and danced three days as Anna in the musical comedy *The King and I* while an agonizing disease destroyed her; the fourth day she went to a hospital and, only a few days later, she died as an understudy played the role. These people believe in their medium, the living stage, and it is well for the rest of us that they do.

The motion picture and the tele-

vision camera cannot serve as substitutes for the stage, simply because they reach too large a public. Even Shaw and Shakespeare, unadulterated, are too raw for seven-year-old Bobbie, let alone the mordant, ribald wit of Lorenz Hart or Tennessee Williams. Yet it is a good thing for the thinking adult to plumb, occasionally, the futility of a soul like Salesman Willy Loman's or to shudder and giggle at the doings of a parcel of poisonous pals like Joey's. At least a million persons come every year to New York, from Caribou, Maine, El Centro, California, and points between to pay \$1.85 or \$7.70 for a sample of the Broadway stage. Others, not too numerous, have it brought to them by road companies. As for the rest, if they want a taste, they must get it by phonograph turntable.

Luckily for them there lived, in the not too remote past, a man named Jack Kapp. Kapp, who died in 1949, was president of Decca Records. It occurred to him, in the 1930s, that much of the content and feeling of many a Broadway show could be captured on disks, and thus conveyed to stage-struck Americans unable to get to New York, or to theatergoers anxious to retain some of the thrill of performances they had seen.

Kapp's first venture does not seem very risky now, but it did then, twelve years ago. He began with an original-cast selection of the songs in Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*—not only the songs which had been extracted and promoted as hits, but the whole list, "Burial Song" and all. The album ran to four 12-inch records and spoiled five dollars. There was considerable doubt as to whether it would sell at all.

It did, although not in quantities likely to intoxicate anyone with the implications. The clinching proof of the Kapp theory was to come a little

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later, with the recording of a show initially entitled *Away We Go*. As Louis Untermeyer, poet, editor, and Decca publicist, speculates now, it would be interesting to know how *Away We Go* would have done under its original title. No one will ever know. Halfway in the course of its preparation, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II changed its name to *Oklahoma!*

Oklahoma! opened the last night of March, 1943, and it proved to be exactly what a war-worried America wanted most, next to V Day. It ran five years, wore out cast after cast, and spawned endless road companies. Tycoons, society dowagers, and account executives waged silent feuds over tickets. Kapp's little 10-

inch, five-record album, complete with program leaflet, swept the nation's record stores, soon outpacing the single disks of the show's own hit tunes, "People Will Say We're in Love" and "Surrey with the Fringe on Top." Pore Jud's irreverent obsequies were intoned in living rooms from coast to coast; so were the sorrows of Ado Annie, the girl who couldn't say no, and the salty saga of progress in Kansas City. All records for album sales were broken; *Oklahoma!* went well over a million and kept on selling. As a matter of fact, having been transcribed to the two new microgroove speeds (quite acceptably) in 1949, *Oklahoma!* even today rates as a rather crisp sales item.

In those days, Decca's Kapp had the show-album business all to himself (Columbia had recorded some Shakespeare by Orson Welles and Maurice Evans, but these were prestige jobs) and a rather simple business it was. The recording company dealt directly with the artists. But as the *Oklahoma!* album's gross rolled on toward the five-million-dollar mark, it generated ripples of cupidity. In 1947, when Decca emissaries wandered over to investigate the pot of gold at the end of *Finian's Rainbow*, they found the claim already staked. The show's producers had persuaded the singers and actors to sign over their recording rights. The producers, as middlemen, were to get 10 per cent, which, of course, would be added to the cost. Decca, revolted by this in-

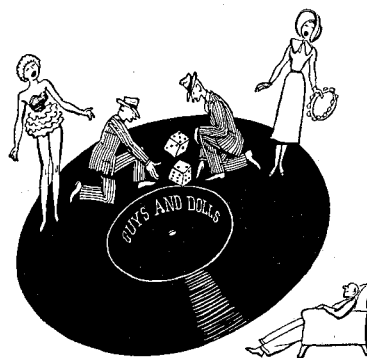
vasion of the rights of individual enterprise, not to mention the 10 per cent hike in the ante, refused to play.

Luckily for *Finian's* producers, a new customer was in the offing. Columbia, at the astute urgings of its executive vice-president, Goddard Lieberson, paid the tariff, 10 per cent and all, and recorded the show. *Finian* was no *Oklahoma!* but it was a fine, flavorsome opus, graced by Ella Logan and "How Are Things in Gloccamora?" It paid its way and then some. Decca was now out of the show-album business and Columbia was in—and it had beginner's luck. The next year brought the eminently phonographic, naughtily witty *Kiss Me Kate*, still one of the best

show albums extant. But it was soon overshadowed, for shortly thereafter Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!* triumph was menaced by the only team which could possibly menace it—Rodgers and Hammerstein. Their offering this time, of course, was a production based on a Pulitzer Prize short-story book by James Michener, called *Tales of the South Pacific*.

If possible, *South Pacific* was even more terrific than *Oklahoma!* both as a show and as a record album. Indeed, owing to a law of physics which prevents two people from occupying the same theater seat at the same time, the album actually earned more than the show for the first year. Tots in knee pants went around caroling their devotion to "Bloody Mary" and trilling the assertion that there is absolutely nothing in this world like the frame of a dame. Sales apparently were completely unaffected by the fact that *South Pacific* was, technically, an atrocious recording, far inferior to *Kiss Me Kate* or, in fact, even to the ancient Decca *Porgy*.

Mortified at the sight of its rival reveling in these triumphs-by-default, Decca at this juncture put its helm hard over and came grimly back into the battle. At the wheel (now that Jack Kapp was gone) was Simon Rady, artist-and-repertory executive. Rady and Goddard Lieberson might be said now to share the title of dean of the show-album business. Whatever they think of each other, both are very, very good.



Rady proved this, for his part, at the time when Decca came back into the field. There was no show on Broadway which evidenced the faintest signs of becoming another *Okla-homa!* or *South Pacific*. So, simply to advertise its return to the field, Decca adopted a trio of what Rady describes as "frankly, dogs." Two of the "dogs" were *Texas*, *Li'l Darlin'* and *Arms and the Girl*.

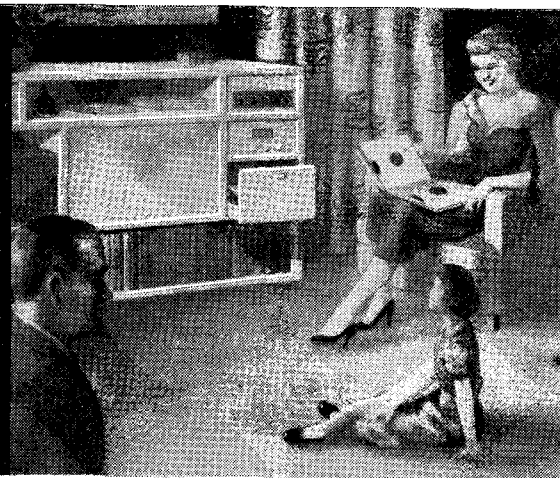
The other dog, however, had something, despite its unhandiness on the stage and at the box office, and Rady couldn't help seeing and feeling it. The result was that, without any commercial justification, he went ahead to make from an unsuccessful stage musical what many record fanciers consider the best show-album ever cut. This was, and is, *Lost in the Stars*, the Kurt Weill-Maxwell Anderson adaptation of Alan Paton's novel *Cry, the Beloved Country*. It is the only genuine tear-jerker among show albums. Rady was fascinated by it. The "book," he explains (meaning the dramatic script), was faulty; on the stage the show lacked pace, but the story line, music, and lyrics were powerful. So Rady arranged for some special dialogue, out of the text, to be written as connective tissue for the musical numbers. He ignored the budget and put the stars, Todd Duncan, Inez Matthews, and Herbert Coleman (aged ten), through their songs over and over, until every possible bit of aural imagery had been exploited. It was purely a labor of love. Si Rady knew as well as anyone that a tragic racial-problem play, in musical comedy guise, could never appeal to a wide enough audience to be a smash hit. But the album did, to his great relief, pay its way. And there can be small doubt that many latter-day letters to the Sunday New York Times, fulminating against the white-supremacy policies of South African Premier Daniel Malan, came from addicts to Si Rady's *Lost in the Stars* disk. Even in New York 19, not all rewards are monetary.

Jack Kapp's dream now had come true. A good original-cast album could be counted on to sell somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter million copies. *South Pacific* and *Okla-homa!* with their million-copy sales were not representative. It may be worth noting also that neither depends particularly on Broadway appeal, both shows being essentially escapists in flavor, and neither being freighted with much satire or irony.

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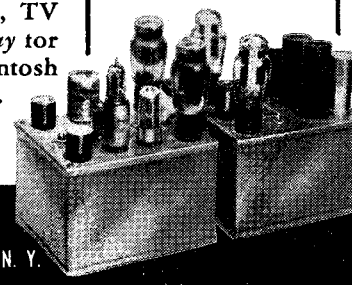
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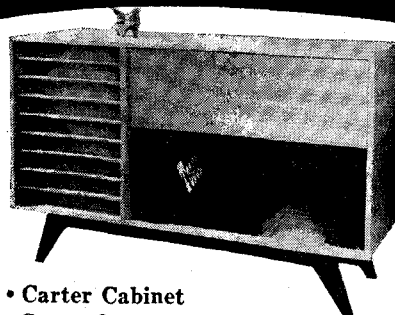
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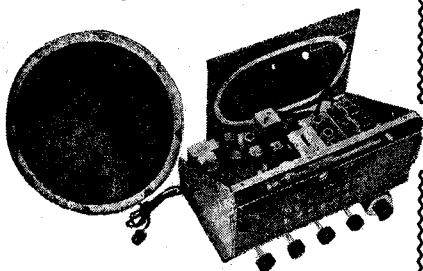


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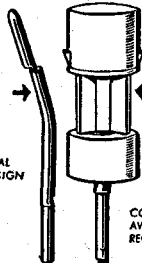
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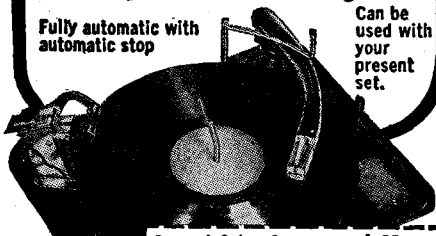
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But even the possession of a stable of smaller, solid hits like *Carousel* or *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* became something enviable. A record company sinks about \$15,000 into making a show album; if it sells 200,000 copies, at about \$5 a copy, it is obvious that the profits are considerable. New companies came into the field. And new angles continued to be thought of.

One of the latter, in its first manifestation, must have solaced Decca for its long-ago trouble over the problem of the producers' 10 per cent. As was inevitable, a set of producers conceived the idea of getting a record company to help finance a show. The show was *Call Me Madam*, which was to star Ethel Merman. RCA Victor was prevailed on to invest, naturally having first whack at original-cast album privileges in return. Everything was fine until, at the very last minute, the show producers found they couldn't produce Merman, at least for RCA Victor. She was under exclusive contract to Decca, which, wickedly but unsurprisingly, refused to relinquish her. As a result, two albums of *Madam* came out. Victor offered the original cast, with Dinah Shore substituting for Merman; Decca offered Merman, with Gordon Jenkins's orchestra and a get-together group of vocalists helping out. Together, these two albums probably didn't sell as well as a single Merman-original-cast recording would have, but competition is competition. There have been other, subsequent indications that record companies are not particularly talented as angels of forthcoming Broadway shows. Of five shows partially financed in the past two years by record companies, four have folded so rapidly as to preclude publication of a record album, and the remaining one didn't amount to much. Decca and Columbia, the dominant companies in the field, don't dabble in this kind of thing. In fact, until a show has opened on Broadway and showed some stamina, they content themselves with an option on the recording rights. One of their rival companies, with indecent eagerness, once recorded a musical comedy during its trial run in the sticks (along

Broadway, the term "sticks" does not necessarily refer to places like Caribou or El Centro: it also takes in Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia). The show died in the sticks, never even reaching Broadway, and left the recording company with some very, very surplus records. Safer, more conservative practice is to wait until the show has opened in New York and shown its impact, then record it in the first couple of weeks thereafter. This is, of course, hard on the cast. *Out of This World* was recorded on New Year's Day; *Kiss Me Kate* in a week-day session beginning at midnight; *New Faces of 1952* on a Sunday.

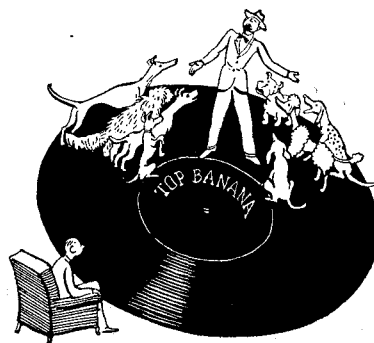
Long before its opening anywhere, naturally, a show will be scouted by record companies, to determine its possibilities as album content (and as a source of hit songs). The advice of the record-firm executive is often sought by show people, and sometimes given. Si Rady says he usually refrains, restrained by the fact that the show's backers may have laid out something like a quarter million dollars, whereas his company will stake less than a tenth of this. But he admits such restraint is hard. At heart, he might like to direct a show or help direct one.

So would Goddard Lieberson, and the difference is that he has found a way to do so, without violating the ethical code of show-album men. As executive vice-president of Columbia, he has had considerable latitude in originating projects, and one of them has been the re-creation of Broadway shows of the past, preserving as much

as possible of the original atmosphere. This notion has proved much more fruitful than the other major development in the field, the financing of shows by record companies.

Lieberson began cautiously, with a couple of 10-inch LPs featuring Mary Martin in songs from *The*

Bandwagon and *Anything Goes*, both more than fifteen years old. Then, having got his hand in, he really went to work, the object of his efforts being *Pal Joey*, a musical contrived in 1940 by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers from a collection of short stories by John O'Hara. *Joey* had not fared too well on Broadway, not because it wasn't superbly put together—it



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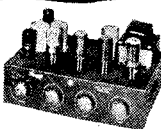
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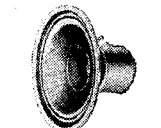
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was — but because the critics and supporters of musical comedy expected idealism in their fare, and *Joey* offered none. It was a fair, if brutal, commentary on the current scene. Its plot was peopled exclusively by heels, except for a solitary, nitwitted ingénue. The New York Times's Brooks Atkinson commented on it, reprovingly: "Can you draw sweet water from a foul well?" But Lieber-son had liked it.

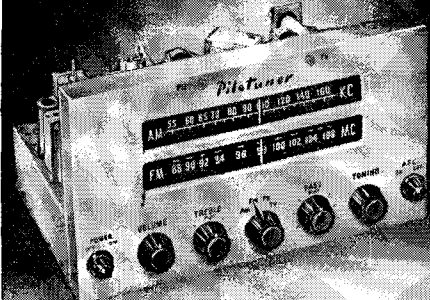
He therefore sought out the show's original star, the immensely clever singing actress Vivienne Segal. He couldn't hire her opposite number, Gene Kelly, who had gone to Hollywood, but he did get another good dancer, Harold Lang, operating on the principle that all dancers, when they try to sing, sound like cheap hoofers, which is what *Joey* was. He built the rest of the cast with equal care, and he personally directed the recording. It was, incidentally, the first true high-fidelity show album made.

It did not sell on a vast, national scale, but it became popular in the homes of highbrow entrepreneurs, one of whom, sure enough, soon conceived the idea of reviving the show on Broadway. When he did so, most of Lieber-son's principals were in the cast. At this writing, it was still going great guns. The revival stimulated sales of the album anew. It also produced another mild mix-up, for the new producers of *Joey* had resold the original-cast recording rights, this time to Capitol. Unable to use Vi-venne Segal, who had been in the Columbia recording, Capitol substituted Jane Froman, the widely idol-ized popular singer and plane-crash victim. A somewhat righteous artist, Miss Froman insisted on "cleaning up" some of the *Joey* lyrics, with results which can be described only as dreadful.

Lieber-son scored again, in the same way, with *Porgy and Bess*, which he remade *in toto* with many of the original cast, promoting it, in fact, right out of the show-album and into the grand opera classification. A tremendous, white-hot production, it sparked the formation of the *Porgy* company which went abroad last summer to propagandize the American Way in Europe. He also reproduced in its entirety, with the scintillant aid of Noel Coward and Lily Pons, the former's quasi-musical-comedy *Con-versation Piece*. No one has yet decided to revive this on Broadway, but it is probably just a question of time,

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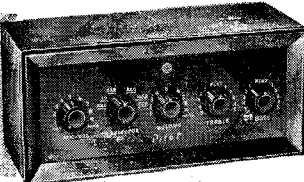
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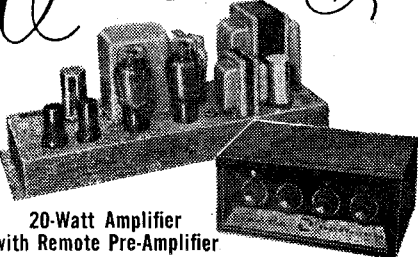
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and of whether Noel Coward can be persuaded to play in it.

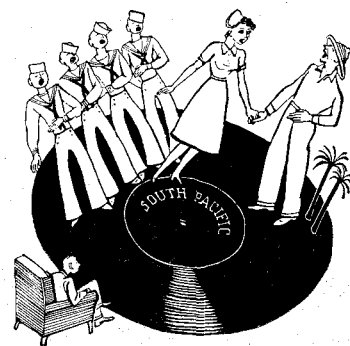
Some of the Lieberston revivals stand up under their age better than others. Two of his recent ones, for instance, are the Gershwins' dude-ranch saga, *Girl Crazy*, and the Rodgers-Hart *Babes in Arms*, both performed by Mary Martin and supporting singers. The tunes in *Girl Crazy* remain good but the show as a whole, somehow, seems dated. *Babes in Arms*, however, is as crisp as the day it was written. Listen, for proof, to Mardi Bayne singing "Way Out West on West End Avenue" or Mary Martin singing "The Lady Is a Tramp" or "Johnny One-Note." The latter, incidentally, owes much of its effect to the virtuosity of the orchestra Lehman Engel has gathered for these Lieberston productions. Few actual shows ever have had such instrumentalists. Latest of "God's creations," as some of Goddard Lieberston's irreverent associates call his revivals, is a remake of (of all things) *Oklahoma!* complete with built-in connective dialogue and Nelson Eddy in the part of Curly.

Quantitatively, in terms of records in print, Decca and Columbia still have the Broadway show record field almost to themselves. As autumn began, Decca had 23 LP show albums on its lists. Columbia had 19. RCA Victor had 7. Capitol had 3. A small firm, Polymusic, had one — a two-disk set of the production of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, with Raymond Massey.

Columbia's best seller is still *South Pacific*. Decca's now is Frank Loesser's irresistible *Guys and Dolls*, probably the most perfect example ever written of what a Broadway show ought to be — itself being, as Loesser subtitled it, a musical fable of Broadway. Capitol's only show album of any distinction is *Top Banana*, starring Phil Silvers. RCA Victor, a late starter and not too lucky in the past at show records, came through very strong this year with the rather appealing *Wish You Were Here*, which is a musical version of *Having Wonderful Time*, and Leonard Sillman's delightful *New Faces of 1952*. This review, written in part by two of the young singers, Ronny Graham and June Carroll, who also play in it, is the liveliest album since *Guys and Dolls*. Its musical sketch material, together with the between-numbers byplay, is perfectly suited to records and has been taken down in masterly fashion

by RCA Victor's Hugo Winterhalter. Nearly every minute of it is genuinely and durably funny, top rating going either to a song based on the Lizzie Borden case, entitled "You Can't Chop Your Papa Up in Massachusetts," or to "Monotonous," a long, fantastic boast of amatory conquests, sung by Eartha Kitt, a young ex-Katharine Dunham dancer with a voice like a concupiscent steam-calliope — it really must be heard to be believed. The album has its moments of very deep-reaching poignancy, too, notably the wedding-anniversary song, "Don't Fall Asleep."

New Faces' only rival as best buy of the early 1952-53 season is something very, very different — Columbia's two-LP recording of the *Don Juan in Hell* section of G. B. Shaw's *Man and Superman*. Featured in this is the so-called First Drama Quartette,



consisting of Charles Laughton, Agnes Moorehead, Charles Boyer, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. The Quartette performed, in New York and across the nation, seated around a table on a stage. With the Shaw words, there is no need for visual frippery. The play could almost have been written for records, as is the case with most of the nonmusical, serious dramas which have been put on LP. Decca has made three three-disk albums: T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*; Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*; Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, all with original casts, and one single-record condensation: Judith Anderson in Robinson Jeffers's *Medea*. Columbia's most ambitious three-record set is the Paul Robeson-José Ferrer-Uta Hagen *Othello*; its favorite one-record play is the Jean Arthur-Boris Karloff version of *Peter Pan*. Of this whole list, at least three are easily as impressive (if not more so) on records as on the stage, where the meager action, if not very skillfully managed, distracts attention from the all-important spoken word.

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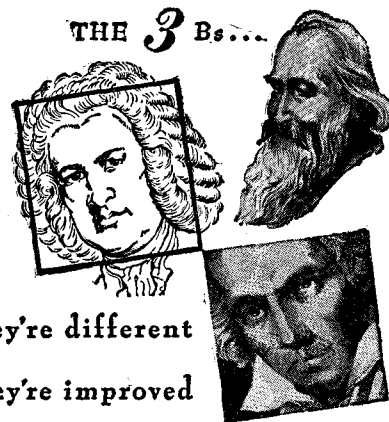
Simon Rady estimates that a spoken drama, at best, sells about one quarter as well as a musical play, even a serious musical play like *Porgy* or *Street Scene*.

Only a few record buyers think they'll want to hear *The Lady's Not for Burning* more than a couple of times a year, which means that its cost per hearing is rather high. But there is a steady market for serious drama in schools, colleges, highbrow FM radio stations, and, increasingly, public libraries. The burgeoning development of the enthusiasm for high-fidelity music reproducing systems in the home also has spurred interest, oddly, in nonmusical plays. This may be partly a product of a hospitality problem. The host in a hi-fi home cannot be prevented, during a party, from turning on his machine. However, no matter what piece of music he picks, some guest will try to talk above it. But *Death of a Salesman* will fascinate them into silence in jig time and hold them that way for nearly three hours.

Just as the development of micro-groove recording and high-fidelity reproduction has made music fanciers of a lot of previously nonmusical Americans, it has also infected a good many nonshowgoers with a consuming interest in Broadway and its incontestable glamour and excitement. Anyone who is, thus far, not so afflicted but anxious to get that way can make a start by visiting a record shop and listening to some of the following selections: —

Todd Duncan singing "Thousands of Miles" in *Lost in the Stars*; Ted (Sport) Morgan singing "Man's Best Friend" in *Top Banana*; Patricia Morison singing "I Hate Men" in *Kiss Me Kate*; Carol Channing singing "Little Girl from Little Rock" in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; the Lyn Murray Singers singing "The Begat" in *Finian's Rainbow*; Mary Martin singing "Hoops" in *The Bandwagon*; Sidney Armus singing "A Social Director" in *Wish You Were Here*; Jo Hurt singing "Zip!" in *Pal Joey*; William Tabbert singing "Carefully Taught" in *South Pacific*; William Redfield singing "They Couldn't Compare to You" in *Out of This World*; Vivian Blaine singing "Adelaide's Lament" in *Guys and Dolls*; Jean Darling and Jan Clayton singing "Mister Snow" in *Carousel*; Celeste Holm and Lee Dixon singing "All 'er Nothin'" in *Oklahoma!* Take some money with you.

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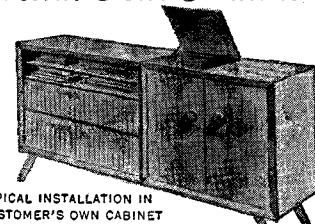
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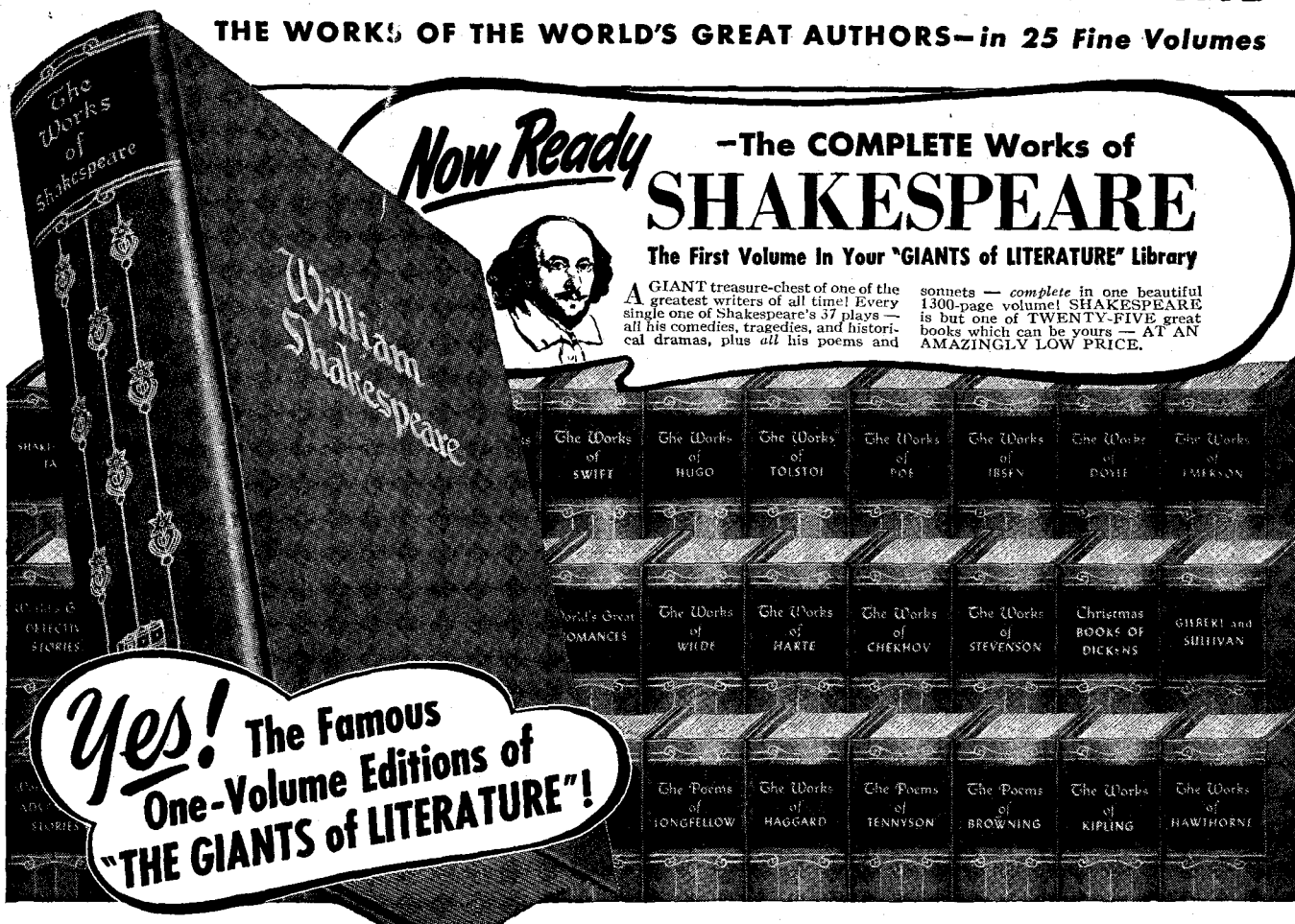
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